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### RELIGIOUS TOLERATION A QUESTION OF FIRST PRINCIPLES.

THE antiquity, the universality, the very reality of the Church Catholic, and her perfect correspondence in every respect with her paramount claims on mankind and her divine mission in the world, are a positive disadvantage to her when she is accosted by men of narrow and indiscriminating views, even when possessed of ordinary candour; while, in the hands of prejudiced and unprincipled persons, the very attributes which are the clearest notes of her supernatural character are capable of being dexterously turned to her discredit and apparent confusion, when the object is to exasperate the minds of the multitude against her.

The Church has had many outward lives, and has been placed amid circumstances of the most varied kind. She has dwelt among people of every clime, and been associated with systems, and institutions, and manners, the very memory of which has passed away from the popular mind; or which linger on in isolated places, or in forms so different to that which they originally bore, as to retain no resemblance to the antiquated past. How easy, then, but how unfair, to transport the uneducated and the uninformed to scenes and times so unlike their own, and, amidst the shock which their senses receive from so much that is strange and uncongenial to them, exhibit suddenly before their bewildered gaze a whole order of facts, which lie beyond the range not only of their experience, but of their very ideas, and leave the beholders to interpret them by modern notions, principles, and habits! Even in indifferent matters, and with the best advantages, it is most difficult to throw oneself into the minds of those who lived in times distant from our own, and avoid viewing and judging of the past through the medium of the present. What, then, must be

the disadvantages of those who, like the generality of people, have no data whereon to form a judgment,—no rules whereby to measure what they hear but such as their every-day life supplies; and that, too, on subjects on which, owing to the pains that have been taken to distort and misrepresent the circumstances of the case, their minds are not free to receive a true impression? It is plain they are completely at the mercy of any unscrupulous person who, with a parade of learning and candour, should profess to tell them what happened in the days before they were born, or in countries they have never seen. And of all the people in the world, an Englishman is the most easily duped in this way. As Father Newman has so graphically described him, “He lives in the present in contrast to the absent and the past.” “Surrounded by the sea, he is occupied with himself; his attention is concentrated in himself, and he looks abroad with reference to himself.” . . . “We look on what is immediately before us. We are eminently practical; we care little for the past. We resign ourselves to existing circumstances; we live in the present. . . . In truth, philosophy and history do not come natural to Protestantism; it cannot bear either. It does not reason out any point; it does not survey steadily any course of facts. It dips into reason, it dips into history; but it breathes freer when it emerges again.”

Now there is a way of telling lies without diverging a hair'sbreadth from the literal truth. Short of asserting what is absolutely false, it is easy so to state what is true in fact as to make it positively false in effect. Our adversaries are perfect adepts in this art, and know well how to avail themselves of the national prejudices against us to render its exercise eminently successful. They take a set of facts, strip them of their circumstances, tear them up root and fibre from the soil that gave them birth, preserving their dimensions, but destroying their proportions and severing their relations; and thus, in their stark nakedness, hold them up before the eyes of the people as a proof demonstrative of what Popery was in the days of its power, and of what it would be again if ever it were allowed to recover its ancient ascendancy. “Here,” say they, “are facts—broad, patent, unmistakable facts.” They challenge us to a denial. “Is this so, or is it not?” they ask with an air of triumph: “yes or no.” It is in vain to draw distinctions, to go back to first principles, or to appeal to other qualifying or even opposing facts; we are met with the cry of “No evasion! no equivocation! no special pleading! no beating about the bush!” We are reminded that Englishmen love straightforwardness; and they demand a plain answer to



a plain question. To the multitude the conclusion seems as inevitable as that two and two make four. It tallies with their preconceptions; it satisfies their reason; it justifies their hatred of us; and makes it a righteous and respectable thing to vilify and persecute us. No matter what principles are at stake,—what contradictions, religious or moral, are involved in the result: the notion of the day, the popular conviction, is taken as absolute truth; and whatever exceeds or contravenes the same is held to be radically false and wrong. Such conduct, doubtless, is as cowardly and immoral as it is unreasonable and unphilosophical: but it does the work it is intended to do—it forearms men against the claims of the Church of Christ, and obscures the notes of her divine origin.

Our remarks have been intended to have a particular application. We have on more than one occasion discussed the principle on which Catholic governments have proceeded in the punishment of heretics; and as the question of religious persecution is one which has more than usually of late excited public attention, we believe that we owe no apology to our readers for introducing the subject again into our pages. We are the more induced to do this, because some expressions we used in a former article have been unfairly wrested from their context, subjected to a private interpretation very far from the writer's intention, and made the theme of violent declamation against the Catholic body, not only by itinerant agitators at Protestant gatherings, but in an "honourable" assembly, where at least it was to be expected that speakers would address themselves to such a topic with some show of moderation and justice.

In the first place, then, they who believe in revelation, and acknowledge the divine authority of the Jewish law, cannot deny that religious intolerance—(we purposely use the obnoxious phrase)—was sanctioned, or rather enjoined, by God Himself. Offences against religion, revolts against the spiritual power, were punishable with death. The law of Moses, which, whatever questions may be raised as to the comparative antiquity of its constituent elements, so far as the Jews were concerned emanated immediately from God, knew nothing of "liberty of conscience" (as Protestants profess to use the term), at least in respect to its own subjects. It no more tolerated religious dissent or spiritual independence, than it did disobedience to parents or rebellion against the civil ruler. It is needless to prove this. The fact is plain on the face of holy Scripture—as plain as that the people of Israel had a religion and a civil constitution; for the principle lies at the root of

the whole system, and pervades its every part; and the infidel and the rationalist make it one of their primary arguments against the divine character of the Mosaic dispensation. That dispensation, indeed, has passed away for ever,—the law of love has superseded that of fear; but with the Bible Christian, the believer in revelation, we would insist most strongly on this one fact: a *principle* sanctioned and enjoined by God Himself cannot be a wrong principle. It may not be always applicable, or always expedient, much less always obligatory in its fullest extent; but wrong *in itself* it cannot be, or the God of truth and holiness would never have given it the force of law. It is a great point gained to make our adversaries see and admit this; in fact, once concede the principle of what is called religious intolerance to be, abstractedly, not wrong, but right, and the question is narrowed to this very simple point,—whether, in particular instances, it was justly, mercifully, or expediently applied and enforced. It can no longer excite that moral disgust which men now feel at the bare mention of the thing; nor, we may add, will it be any longer available as a theme of anti-Popery declamation. If, before the Exeter-Hall orator commenced his fiery harangue, he would, with the same impressive manner wherewith he recites some garbled version of Papal bull or canon law, read out to his eager audience, for their first half-hour's meditation, such texts and whole passages from the Pentateuch and other portions of Holy Writ as we could name, we suspect that the effect of his after eloquence would be very seriously damaged in the popular estimation, and that his craft would soon entirely cease.

However, we are willing to descend from this high position, and meet our opponents on more open ground. We say, then, that the principle of intolerance is universally recognised; that not only have Protestants and infidels acted upon it, but that they still act, and must necessarily act upon it; and that the main difference—we do not say the only difference—between them and Catholics in the matter is, as to what opinions and practices ought on the one hand to be tolerated and protected, and on the other to be proscribed and punished. Universal toleration is simply an impossibility; it never has been practised, and never can be. Let a government be ever so indulgent, there must be a point at which the law interferes to prevent certain opinions being published and acted upon. Every government recognises some first principles—at any rate, it is possessed with the instinct of self-preservation; and without coercion—in other words, without intolerance—no government could exist a day or an hour. Are men at liberty to denounce the rights of property, or to decry all government

—that is, in fact, to preach sedition, anarchy, and universal confiscation? Yet these are questions on which there are those who have what they call their moral and religious convictions. Why are not these convictions to be respected? Or, again, are men at liberty to set at defiance all the laws of modesty and morality? Yet, on your principles of toleration, what right has a government to make its notions on these subjects obligatory on the people at large? Is it infallible in the matter of morals? On what principle, then, does it coerce the individual conscience by its arbitrary decrees, and even visit the violation of them with disabilities and penalties? With what consistency can you preach up universal toleration, and degrade and punish me for following my own moral sense of right and wrong? Will you say that my moral sense is a false and perverted one, and directly opposed to the commonest principles of morality, and to the general interests of humanity? Then, on your own showing, the principle of toleration—this boasted principle which is to establish universal peace in the world—is also opposed to the commonest principles of morality, and to the general interests of humanity.\* This is what we set out to show: the principle of toleration can be applied only in limited measure. Put the mark as low as you please, every government, however lax, however tolerant, recognises some first principles which are irreconcilable with, and antagonistic to, the principle of toleration. Let this idea once be grasped, and the question of intolerance will assume quite another aspect.

Protestant states, and states that are not Christian, punish offences not only against morality, but against religion. In this country, at this very day, there are punishments for certain forms of blasphemy and impiety; there are penalties for profaning the first day of the week, which, by the law of the land, is what Catholics call a “holiday of obligation;” there are statutes which invalidate bequests of money for “superstitious uses.” A few years ago the open sale of avowedly infidel books would have been prevented, and their vendors punished with fine and imprisonment. We question whether, at the present day, the law would be allowed to take its course; but, little more than two years ago, an Irishman was fined for publicly burning a copy of the Protestant Bible; not from disrespect to the holy Scriptures, but out of an impetuous zeal for their genuineness and purity. These instances are quite sufficient to prove that even this Protestant country recognises and acts upon the principle of religious intolerance, however

\* See Balmez, “Protestantism compared with Catholicity,” chap. xxxv.



infrequent and exceptional may be its application in practice. Indisputable it is that certain opinions, certain acts and uses relating to religion, are prohibited and visited with penalties—punished, in short—even in this land of religious freedom. There are certain matters connected with religion and morality in which the law knows nothing of private judgment or liberty of conscience. Of course it must be so, as we have said. Every government recognising *any* first principles, whether in morality or in religion,—every government proceeding on the supposition, if not on the belief, that certain doctrines are absolutely true, or at least expedient to be observed as true, and therefore made obligatory on society at large,—is, and must be, intolerant towards those who reject and oppose them; nay, in a measure, towards those who do not profess and practise them. It must interfere with people's freedom of thought and action—that is to say, with the freedom of expressing their thoughts, and putting them into execution; and truth, reason, justice, policy alone can determine when and how far that interference is necessary, or equitable, or expedient, in particular instances. Toleration, after all, is but a question of what shall be tolerated, and how far it shall be tolerated. Governments punish religious offences—or, to use the popular language, persecute—according to what they regard as first principles. Take, for instance, the law of marriage. It is a first principle with all Christian governments that a man can have but one wife. Bigamy, therefore, is punished as well by Protestants as by Catholics; adultery likewise, as being an offence against morality, or at least opposed to the true interests of the family (which is the basis on which society reposes), is amenable to the law, and visited with pecuniary penalties; and in Protestant countries it is deemed sufficient justification for the dissolution of the marriage-tie. Not so, however, among Catholic populations, where the matrimonial bond is, in accordance with the divine precept, pronounced to be indissoluble. So, again, in Protestant countries, religious vows, however solemnly made, and ratified by ecclesiastical authority, are held to be not binding; so that the marriage of a priest or a religious is as valid and as “honourable” as any other in the eye of the law, though before the Catholic Church it is no marriage at all, but, on the contrary, a sacrilegious concubinage, and an offence of the same class as is adultery or bigamy. Here, then, we have a difference in first principles. Protestant states punish for bigamy, but dispense from the marriage-vow, and allow of divorce and re-marriage—discountenance adultery, but sanction and approve the breaking of vows of religion; whereas Catholic states maintain the absolute indis-

solubility of marriage when validly contracted, and the obligatory force of religious vows (except when dispensed by the ecclesiastical authority), and consequently punish the violation of both one and the other with such penalties as the law in each particular country may provide; so that, should a monk or a nun, the subject of a Catholic power, while sojourning in England, contract what in the eye of the English law was a valid and sufficient marriage, and return to their own country, that contract would be no contract at all: their religious vows would still be as binding upon them as ever; and they might be punished for sacrilege, just as if in a Protestant country they had committed the offence of bigamy. So, also, a person who, under similar circumstances, should put away his wife, and take to himself another woman, would, in the eye of the Church and of Catholic law, simply be living in adultery. His marriage would be no marriage at all, but a disgraceful concubinage—a crime against God and society, a mortal sin; and he might be liable to punishment for profaning the sanctity of the marriage-tie.

Of course, to the Protestant this appears very hard and intolerant, and he cries out against the superstition and the slavery of so antiquated a system; but what would he say to the Turk who should declaim with equal vehemence, as he might as reasonably do, against the laws of this Protestant country? If it is intolerant in the Catholic to prohibit divorce, and punish the violation of the vow of celibacy, why is it not intolerant in the Protestant to make the marriage-bond indissoluble (except in one particular case), to allow but one wife at a time, and to punish for bigamy—that is, for the violation of the vow of matrimony? “On what *principle*,” he might ask, “do you boast of your religious freedom, and sneer at the Catholic for his narrowness and bigotry? We truly are the enlightened people. We know nothing of laws against divorce, or punishments for bigamy or trigamy either; we have as many wives as we will, and allow no interference in the matter.” But our argument will carry us further than the Turk. Free as the Mahometan may be in this matter of marriage, there is a people whose habits of life are, if fame does them no wrong, still more unshackled—a people who are migrating in hundreds from their native land, to seek on a foreign shore the more perfect liberty which is denied them at home. The Mormonites, it is said, are more than polygamists—more heathenish than the heathen. They live as do the beasts; and adultery and promiscuous concubinage are to them the habitual and the honourable conditions of domestic relationship. Well: as the Mormonite and the Mahometan

are to the Protestant in this matter, so is the Protestant to the Catholic. The Catholic is stricter and more intolerant than the Protestant, because his first principles are stricter and more intolerant—or, as we should say, higher and holier—more purely moral and more truly religious; in other words, more Christian. The Protestant, again, who in the matter of marriage has retained a portion of the old Catholic belief, is stricter and more intolerant than the Mormonite or the Mahometan, because his first principles are stricter and more intolerant.

If we were asked to give a definition, or to state one of the main characteristics of bigotry, we should say that it was the condemning a man for acting on his own first principles instead of those we ourselves avow; the expecting him to believe one thing and to do another. Protestants, being Christians, punish the violation of such Christian laws as they hold to be binding on society, or which they consider necessary for the moral and social well-being of the commonwealth. In like manner, Catholics punish the violation of such Christian laws as *they* hold to be binding on society, or which they consider necessary for the moral and social well-being of the commonwealth. To the Protestant polygamy is an impiety, to the Mahometan it is not; so, to the Catholic the violation of the religious vow is an impiety, to the Protestant it is not. And so in other things. Catholics have punished, and still punish, where reason and justice so direct, what they believe to be impiety and blasphemy; not, of course, what Protestants consider impiety and blasphemy, for they have not the faith or the religious instincts of Catholics; and we say it is folly and bigotry, it is every thing that is narrow and stupid, to expect a Catholic to act on Protestant principles, as narrow and stupid as it would be to expect a Protestant to act on Mahometan principles. We say nothing here of the truth of the one set of principles or the other. All we assert is, that toleration is a relative thing; that intolerance, in some shape or other, is inseparable from every religion and every form of government; and that, as a matter of fact, Protestants punish (or persecute) outrages upon their own first principles, just as Catholics do the violations of theirs.

Now, the great Catholic first principle, which Protestants deny,—the denial of which, indeed, constitutes the very essence and first principle of Protestantism,—is, that the Church Catholic is the divine authoritative teacher of mankind in all that concerns religion; and that religion itself is a matter, not of opinion, but of faith. Catholics believe, in short, that what the Church teaches is the very truth of God; and that, like



God Himself, that truth is one and one only—one and indivisible. This truth, this faith, is to them as certain, as indisputable, and, we may say, as habitually self-evident a thing as right and wrong are; or, in other words, as are those first principles of morality which Protestants happily still in a measure hold and enforce. Protestants, as we have said, prohibit and punish the violation of these principles of morality; and Catholics also prohibit, and under circumstances punish, the violation of the principles of faith. Catholics have a wide field of opinion, in which they are at liberty to range to and fro as they will; and so long as a man's opinions do not trench on the region of faith, he enjoys as perfect liberty as even a Protestant could desire. But if he violates faith, he violates Catholic first principles; and if he lives in a purely Catholic country, and his offence is an open and scandalous one, he becomes as amenable to the laws, as does a Protestant who violates such Protestant first principles as are recognised and upheld by the laws of his country. The Catholic principle of faith, being something over and above the Protestant principle of morality and religion, creates, of course, an additional class of offences; just as the Protestant principle of morality and religion, being something over and above that of Mahometans and Buddhists, or other infidel races, creates an additional class of offences. To the Catholic, heresy is not an error of judgment merely (though it may be so in certain exceptional cases), but the breach of a divine first principle—an outrage upon absolute truth; therefore, in punishing its propagators and abettors, he does not punish men (as the phrase goes) for errors of opinion, but for an offence against faith. It is a necessary and inevitable consequence of his possessing what Protestants have not—an authoritative teacher and a definite creed.

This it was that lay at the bottom of mediæval legislation against heresy and heretics. Ere the principle of private judgment was substituted for that of divine faith, and consecrated as the axiom of a new species of religion, a denial of the doctrines of the Church was felt to be simply a revolt against the truth and authority of God. Living as they did in the full light of revelation, and endued with a gift, a faculty, in the supernatural order analogous to that of reason or sight in the natural order, the men of those days (like Catholics in all times and all countries, whatever be the phase of society or civilisation by which they are surrounded) were possessed of an idea, a principle, a perception, the realisation and exercise of which, to Protestants, who have not the same objects before their mind's vision, seems mere superstition and

fanaticism. Their standard was higher, their instincts were keener and purer in all that concerned divine truth. They did not tolerate heresy from the same motives that Protestants do not tolerate the more heinous forms of blasphemy and impiety. Whatever reasons the Protestant now gives for not enduring certain crimes against religion and morality, of the same kind, though far deeper and more consistent, were and still are the Catholic's reasons for not enduring certain crimes against faith and morals. If Protestants had a livelier and stronger sense of the truth and sacredness, and the obligatory force, even of such doctrines of Christianity as they think they hold, they would be more earnest in maintaining them inviolate than they are. Their tolerance is the offspring of indifference and unbelief, not of charity toward God or of love for men's souls. If they were more jealous of the divine honour, they would resent insults and outrages upon it as industriously and as effectually as they now resent attacks upon property or public security. We do not mean merely that Protestant governments would punish vice and immorality, irreligion and impiety, to a greater extent than they actually do, but that the people—society at large—would have a higher standard and a stricter rule; and that they would not endure to have God blasphemed, and His laws set at nought, in the way they now are, any more than they endure to have public decency outraged, or the Queen's majesty insulted, or the national independence threatened.

But another reason of toleration at the present day is, that Protestants have no dogmas. It is their boast that their religion is a religion of free inquiry; that they are seekers after truth, which implies that the truth, absolute truth, as yet they have not found. Anyhow, whatever remnants of old Catholic doctrines they still retain, and however impossible in practice their theory of private judgment and uncontrolled liberty of conscience may be, they have as a matter of fact, and as the result of their loose principles and their loss of faith, reduced their religious belief to the very lowest point at which it can be said to constitute in any true sense a belief at all. They have very few doctrines which they could state in any definite or dogmatic form—very few, therefore, to be zealous about. Of course, then, they are, or at least they ought in consistency to be, more tolerant; and yet they take credit to themselves for their liberality towards those who differ from them! After making every article of the Creed an open question, and turning faith into mere opinion, they count it an actual merit in themselves that they make no difference between truth and error; and that so far from punishing, they patronise and up-



hold what Catholics regard as heresy and blasphemy. This is really the whole truth of the matter: Protestantism, in principle and in its last resort, is simply infidelity; and men cannot consistently discountenance or punish the rejection of what they do not themselves receive. Here, for instance, in this Protestant country, toleration is no virtue on the part of those who practise it: it is a social necessity. Among so many and such discordant sects, how is it possible for one to domineer it over the rest, set up its own tenets as the only standard of divine truth, and proscribe the tenets of others? The state of society is such that, for very peace and comfort's sake, the widest latitudinarianism in religion is the only theory that will work. The people have no one religion, therefore the government can have no one religion; and the very existence of an established church is an anomaly and an injustice.

It was not so in the ages of faith. Then (as now in purely Catholic countries where Protestantism is unknown) the rulers and the ruled were of one mind in the matter; the same convictions animated all alike. Heresy was universally held to be a crime, and it was suppressed with the popular consent. Thus the punishment of heresy was not only politically possible, but even in the estimation of Protestants, and English Protestants in particular—to whom public opinion, that is, the will of the generality, or even the majority, is law and equity—it must be regarded as reasonable and just. Catholics, of course, judge the whole question on different grounds; but anyhow, it is a fact that, in their non-toleration of heretics, Catholic governments were supported by the cordial and unanimous approval of the people. Nor was it matter of conviction only, firm and deep-seated as that conviction was; but the faith of the Church was the base, nay the living unitive principle, of the whole existing order and relations of things; so that to disturb that faith was to shake the foundations on which all government and society itself reposed, and to weaken and disorganise the very functions of political and social life. European civilisation, European jurisprudence, was the creation of the Catholic Church. Europe was Christendom, and Christendom was Catholic; and the nations that formed the great European family were fused and blended together, in spite of national prejudices and antipathies, into one vast confederation or commonwealth, under the supreme headship of the Pope, by the habitual force of a common faith, and one universal system of polity and law. How different then the whole state of society to any thing of which the world has had experience since the fatal revolt self-styled the Reformation, and how unreason-



able, how unfair, to interpret the acts of Catholic governments of that day by the principles and notions of Protestant times!

For, observe what was involved in this state of things. Heresy was not a merely speculative error, or an offence against religion in the abstract; it was also a political crime. It was not only an outrage on the one universal belief, and a positive violation of the common law of Europe; but it struck at the root of all authority, and at the very principle of law itself. This it was that armed the temporal governments against it; they saw in it the very essence of disaffection and revolution. Nor can Protestants dispute their sagacity, or accuse them of intolerance. Protestant governments ere now have proscribed the Catholic religion, and persecuted its priests and professors to the death; and their apologists have defended and justified their conduct on the score of state necessity and the disloyalty of those against whom their violence was directed; nay, to this very day we have penal enactments passed amidst the acclamations of a nation for the better security and maintenance of "our Protestant institutions in Church and State." If, then, it be a political aggression to do aught which indirectly and in its remote results may militate against the Protestant character of a country whose Catholic citizens are numbered by the million, that surely was of a revolutionary and anarchic tendency which aimed directly at the subversion of the whole fabric of European society—at a time, too, when the malcontents in religion might be counted by units—which, in fact, sought nothing less than the destruction of the old-established Catholic governments, and the erection of an entire new order of things upon their ruins.

Now this is what Protestants themselves boast that the so-called Reformation actually effected. It brought about a European revolution. Protestantism from the outset was not a mere change of religious conviction, or a revolt against the principle of faith in the abstract; it was an innovation, an aggression upon an authority and a whole constituted order of things which had existed from time immemorial, and was intimately and vitally connected with every germ and fibre of the social system. Of course, therefore, it was encountered and resisted with all the repressive means which policy and the very instinct of self-preservation suggested. "Protestantism," says Ranke, "included in its very existence the moving causes of a most exasperating and formidable struggle; for the questions it affected were not merely ecclesiastical, but—on account of the intimate connexion subsisting between the Church and the State, upon which the whole system rested—

in the highest degree political also." It could not but involve such results, being what it was; this, so far, is its excuse for its political aggressiveness; but it was also its aggravation in the eyes of the governments of that day; and this again is a fact to be taken into account in judging of the measures which were adopted for its suppression.

But Protestantism was not aggressive merely in this inevitable and necessary way. It was not content, as the Protestant historian we have quoted fairly admits, when it had gained toleration, nor when it had secured to itself an equality of rights; what it sought and endeavoured to obtain by force was ascendancy. Nothing less would satisfy it. And when it had gained the ascendancy, how did it acquit itself? We shall look in vain for any of that generous regard for the rights of conscience, or the liberty of the subject, which its present adherents claim as the crowning glory of the new Gospel it proclaimed: no, the Protestants of the Reformation ruthlessly oppressed and persecuted the Catholic populations when they had got them into their power; deprived them of every privilege they possessed; proscribed their religion, and degraded its professors to a state of serfdom as dishonouring as it was irremediable, except at the price of apostasy. It was the experience of this, as they saw it before their eyes and at their very doors, which urged the Catholic governments of that day to stay the inroad of the new heresy with every weapon and appliance which the laws supplied. That they proceeded in the work of repression with immoderate severity, and at times with unnecessary cruelty, we have not the smallest wish to deny. The governments that so acted were not animated with any remarkable zeal for religion; they were not actuated by "Ultramontane" principles; on the contrary, they were, without exception, what Protestants themselves have styled "Anti-Papal" governments; and their conduct was often worthy of the strongest reprobation. The punishment of heresy was used by them as an engine for state purposes, and by means of a system of wholesale slaughter, which the mind shudders to contemplate, became in their hands nothing less than downright persecution. The Church, as such, whatever individuals might do, so far from countenancing these acts of cruelty, invariably opposed and protested against them, as the more candid Protestant historians have allowed. Our remarks are directed solely to the elucidation of the principle on which the Church lent its sanction to the civil power in the suppression of heresy, and we are by no means concerned with the application of the principle by particular governments and at particular times. This only we will say, that the examples

which were set and the provocations which were given by the Protestants in every nation of Europe are quite sufficient to account for the treatment they received from their Catholic rulers, and for the hatred with which they were regarded by the Catholic populations; but of this we may have occasion to speak in a subsequent Number.

One motive, however, there was for the treatment which heretics received, which falls strictly within the limits to which we have confined ourselves in the present article, and to which attention cannot be too often called; for it is most intimately connected with the subject in hand. We have laid much stress on the fact that a formal difference is to be observed between the Catholic and the Protestant religion, inasmuch as the former is essentially a dogmatic religion, a definite faith; the latter, at most, but a speculative and affective religion, a scheme of opinions. But this is far from being the whole difference between the two. In the Catholic religion there are certain mysteries which are not merely matters of doctrine or objects of faith, but actual realities of the most awful import—the objects of worship. Such, above all, is the adorable presence of Jesus Christ in the most Holy Eucharist. It is not merely a Catholic doctrine that He is sacramentally present; it is a divine fact. As truly as the eternal God became incarnate for us, so truly is He really and substantially present with us on our altars; and that which we call the Blessed Sacrament is not the figure or the emblem of Him,—it is Himself, the Second Person of the Undivided Trinity, who was born of the Virgin Mary. The Protestant, then, who reviled, ridiculed, and blasphemed the most Holy Sacrament, in the estimation and belief of every Catholic, vented his ribaldry and impiety, not upon a doctrine only, but upon the very Person of God incarnate. The Protestant, however, did not stop at this, shocking and irritating beyond endurance as such conduct would be; his rage and his hatred extended to the Divine Object Itself. Not only did he take delight in profaning the sacerdotal vestments, the consecrated vessels, and whatever was connected with the tremendous mysteries,—even on occasion striking down the priest of God while ministering at His altar; but he was seized with a fiendish desire to outrage the most Holy Sacrament Itself, and to perpetrate every manner of abomination against It. Every where It was the chief object of attack. To Catholic hearts it seemed as if the propagators of the new heresy sought to renew against Jesus in His Sacrament of Love the ignominies and the outrages of which the Jews had made Him the object in His adorable Passion. The feelings such atrocities excited were therefore correspondingly



intense. It is not possible to exaggerate—it is not possible for Protestants adequately to conceive—the horror, indignation, and anguish which these outrages caused (and must ever cause) in the breasts of the faithful. To the multitude no punishment seemed too great for crimes so diabolical; and hence the torments amidst which the wretched men were put to death produced little or no commiseration in the surrounding crowds. Add to which, that the modes of punishing malefactors in those days, among both Catholics and Protestants, were of a far more barbarous\* character than they have gradually since become,—another fact which ought to be borne in mind in connection with this subject. However, Protestants in their religious system have nothing in the smallest degree analogous to these distinctive mysteries of the Catholic faith; nothing, therefore, the violation of which could call forth similar feelings of indignation and distress. Catholics, of course, then as now, were fully aware that their Lord was perfectly impassible in His sacramental presence, and that none of the atrocious outrages committed against Him could really touch His Sacred Person; still, these outrages (considered objectively) were as truly directed against Him—the One Supreme Object of their love and worship—as if they could; and Catholics felt as we hope Protestants themselves would have felt had they seen their Saviour in the hands of the Roman soldiers or Herod's "men of war." This is the only comparison which is any adequate representation of the dreadful reality.

But, besides this, there were other enormities, of which Protestants ought to be able to form some just conception; as, for instance, revolting blasphemies against the Blessed Virgin, whom Catholics regard, not merely as a very "pious woman," but, through the mystery of the Incarnation, the very Mother of the Eternal God; profanations of her image, as well as that of her Divine Son, whether as an Infant in her arms, or as dying on the cross for the redemption of the world. Protestants would sufficiently understand the import and the exasperating character of these outrages, if they reflected what their own feelings would be if the picture or image of some one whom they loved and venerated, say that of the Queen, or an honoured parent, or a dear and valued friend, were similarly treated; perhaps daubed with filth, or battered to pieces, or committed to the flames with every mark of scorn and

\* It should never be forgotten in considering this feature of the times, that our own English code, at a period long subsequent to the Reformation, was one of the bloodiest, if not the very bloodiest, in Europe, and remained unaltered till a very recent date.

hatred, before their eyes; and their very names, and what they call their "memories," reviled with the coarsest and most loathsome epithets that a wanton malice could invent. If they considered but for one short moment who Jesus is, and that, being who He is, He has—not only *had*, but *has*—a mother, they might rise to something like a due estimation of the feelings with which Catholics regarded, and must ever regard, the violence of iconoclasts when directed against a Crucifix or a Madonna.

Now, we repeat, Protestants, who have none of those personal feelings about our Lord and His Virgin Mother which Catholics have, and whose very religion, as we may say, consists in disowning and protesting against the Sacramental Presence of the one and the high prerogatives of the other, have no right, in all fairness and consistency, to judge the proceedings of Catholics by what their own would have been under this particular provocation. They ought rather to consider what their conduct would be if they were *similarly* outraged and provoked. Suppose, for instance, the disciples of Tom Paine were to publish abroad their blasphemies against God and the Bible, and to placard the very walls with the coarsest indecencies against the Saviour of mankind; or the Jew were publicly to rail at Him as an impostor; or the Socinian to deride His Divinity with the same revolting particularity of illustration with which the orators of Exeter Hall denounce the "mummeries of Popery" and the "idolatry of the Mass;" or suppose the Catholics of this country were to unite in openly decrying and declaiming against the supremacy of the Queen in civil matters, or should even take to mutilating the "Lion and the Unicorn" in the churches; with what sort of equanimity would "Englishmen and Protestants" regard sayings and doings such as these? Would not the whole nation be roused to fury? Would not the government make quick work of the whole matter, and visit on the offenders the severest penalties of the law? Even Protestant England, then, for all its liberality, or, as we should say, for all its latitudinarianism, would not tolerate—how could it?—a violation of its first principles. Those principles, it is true, are looser and, in a sense therefore, more comprehensive than Catholic first principles; but this is, as we have said, no merit on the part of this or any other Protestant country. Protestants,—it cannot be too often repeated when the subject of religious intolerance is under discussion,—persecuted as long as they could with safety to the state. "They have never once," as Father Newman observes, "acted on the principles they profess—never once; for they cannot produce their instance when Protest-



ants, of whatever denomination, were in possession of national power for any sufficient time, without persecuting some or other of their polemical antagonists. So it has been, so it is now." There is this essential difference also to be observed between Protestants and Catholics: Catholics have never punished Protestants as such—that is, for *being* Protestants, but for *apostatizing* from the faith; not for changing their religious opinions, as the Protestant phrase is, but for wilfully perverting and blaspheming the truth of God, obstinately persisting in their heresy, and seducing others from the true Church. The same cannot be said of Protestants. When they have persecuted Catholics, they have persecuted them for *being* Catholics, and *remaining* Catholics; for holding what to Protestants, who have neither dogmas nor Church, are but opinions different from their own, and refusing to abandon them. Here in England, for instance, they proscribed the profession, not of any new and upstart religion, but of the ancient faith, which had existed from time immemorial, and was bound up and, as it were, identified with all the institutions of the country and the most cherished associations of the people. They fined, imprisoned, and put to a horrible death our Catholic ancestors, because they held to the religion of their fathers, and would not give it up at the bidding of kings and parliaments.

This is an important distinction, and one which suffices to repel a very common accusation. Our adversaries are always saying, that if Catholics ever got the upper hand again in the country, they would punish Protestants as heretics. But they cannot produce a single precedent in proof of the assertion. Of course, individuals would not be allowed to blaspheme and outrage the religion of the nation when Catholic, any more than they are now allowed to blaspheme and outrage it being Protestant. They would not be permitted, doubtless, to jeer at the Blessed Sacrament, or to insult the Blessed Virgin, or to burn the Pope in effigy, any more than Catholics are now permitted to burn the Protestant Bible in public, or to revile any thing or any body which the nation holds in honour and veneration. As well, therefore,—or rather, as we have just said, with far more reason,—might *we* assert that if Protestantism ever regained the sort of domination it once possessed, it would repeal the Emancipation Act, re-impose the Test Act, re-enact the penal laws, and renew against us the old persecutions from which we suffered from Elizabeth downwards, or such as are still in vogue against Catholics in Sweden or in Mecklenburg. The assertion is simply unsupported by facts, or it is a mere truism. So, the Mormonites might argue that if they returned to the Protestantism of the old country, indi-



viduals would no longer enjoy the privilege of promiscuous concubinage; or the Turks, if they turned Christians, that they would no longer be permitted to practise polygamy, but that even bigamy would become a felony and a "transportable offence."

It must be so, from the very nature of things. So far, therefore, as the allegation has aught of truth in it, it is as applicable to Christianity in general as to Catholicity in particular; but, as commonly employed against the latter, it is a simple calumny. The Church has never forced her laws upon temporal governments; how indeed could she? When her laws have been adopted and enforced by the secular power, it has been done at the instance of the governments themselves, naturally and of their own accord, and with the acquiescence of the people.

"A state," says Dr. Arnold,\* "may as justly declare the New Testament to be its law, as it may choose the institutes and code of Justinian. In this manner the law of Christ's Church may be made its law; and all the institutions which this law enjoins, whether in ritual or discipline, may be adopted as national institutions just as legitimately as any institutions of mere human origin. The question, then, which is sometimes asked so indignantly,—Is the government to impose its religion upon the people? may be answered by asking again,—Is the government to impose its own laws upon the people? . . . We need not be afraid to say that, in a perfect state, the law of the government would be the law of the people; the law of their choice, the expression of their mind."

The principles we have laid down are sufficient to account for, and, we will say, to justify, the resistance offered by Catholic states at the present day to the introduction of Protestantism among their subjects; but of all the motives that might be assigned for this exclusiveness, we need mention only one,—that of self-defence. The following little history bears so strongly on this point, and is so instructive a commentary on the theory of religious toleration as professed by Protestants, that it will form no inapt conclusion to the present remarks:

"In 1633, two hundred English Catholic families fled from the religious persecution which pressed heavily upon them in the bosom of their own country. Crossing the Atlantic, they fixed themselves in Maryland, under the direction of Lord Baltimore. . . . The settlers did not long enjoy the peace and liberty of conscience which, at so great a sacrifice, they came to seek in the forests of America. Around them were thousands of the reform sects, which had originally been established in these countries under the protection of Great Britain and Holland. Whilst inflicting on each other penalties and ostracism, they made common cause in banishing the Catho-

\* Appendix to Inaugural Lecture on Modern History, pp. 41, 42.

lies. The young colony of Baltimore had exhibited to the New World a solitary example of Christian charity by granting an asylum and equality of rights to the oppressed of every creed. But, strange to say, this generous hospitality was repaid with ingratitude by those whom it sheltered. Received into Maryland as brothers, the Protestants thronged thither in such numbers that they were very soon the masters; and the first use they made of their preponderance was to interdict that religion which alone had had compassion on their misfortunes. The settlement of Baltimore was not yet of twenty-five years' standing, and already the Catholics beheld themselves deprived of their civil, religious, and political rights. A band of strangers recently proscribed (by their co-religionists) confiscated the property of their hosts, hunted down their priests as if they were noxious animals; and, in order to degrade the confessors of the faith, imposed, at the entry of every Irishman who had left his country that he might remain faithful to his God, the same tax as that for the importation of a negro! . . . . So that," writes Mr. M'Mahon, the Protestant historian of Maryland, "in a colony founded by Catholics, and which had acquired under the government of Catholics power and prosperity, Catholics alone became the victims of religious intolerance."\*

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OUR CHOIRS: WHAT THEY ARE, AND WHAT THEY  
MIGHT BECOME.

THE age in which we live may well be called a musical age. It has many other characteristics; but this is an especial one, which strikes the eye and ear alike of every moderately-observant person. Take up any newspaper, London or provincial, and you will find not only announcements of concerts, but notices of new societies for the study of vocal or instrumental music; go into any company, and you will very likely be asked to join some music-class. Be your tastes or religious principles what they may, you will find something adapted to your wants on one side or the other. The congregationalist has his chapel-class for metrical psalmody, the low churchman his hymn-book and music-master, the Anglo-Catholic his Gregorian tones and "services," with precentor and choir-boys; while if, like very many, in the exercise of your birthright as a Briton, you choose none of these things, and use music for its own sake alone, there are glee-clubs, madrigal societies, and choral classes without end, to suit your taste.

Amusing, however, or instructive, as it might be to trace

\* *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, vol. xi. p. 257.

the growth of public opinion in matters musical, to watch the gradual advance of sound principles of criticism and taste, to smile, it may be, at the follies and eccentricities which accompany and spring from that rapid progress,—excesses which themselves bear witness to the great life within,—and in and through all to see the nation urging its claim, and gradually having that claim allowed, to take its place high in the musical world ;—our present object is to touch upon the subject in one of its phases only; and that, from a practical rather than a critical point of view, viz. the class of persons who sing in our church choirs, their fitness for their office, and the means of supplying acknowledged deficiencies.

In dealing with this question there is this great advantage, that few, if any, doubt of its importance, and the urgent necessity there is for its careful consideration. Men may perhaps differ as to the way in which existing evils are to be remedied; but none, who have eyes to see and ears to hear, can hesitate to confess that evils there are, and that it behoves us to be up and stirring ere things get worse. Now this is in itself, if not a step in the right direction, at any rate a proof of willingness to move on when the right step is plainly pointed out, and the true direction shown. It is a great thing to get people to see and feel that an evil *is* an evil. There are so many influences to enthrall us in an existing state of things; custom does so much to reconcile us to what we have seen for years, while a natural *vis inertiae* makes us most unwilling to open our eyes and see things as they really are, when such awaking involves the necessity of exertion and toil in remedying the evils before us. Now this point, we feel, has been already gained. Go where you will, and ask what is the state of the choir in any church; and will not, in almost every case, the evil we have to speak of be acknowledged by priests and people alike? Who is satisfied with things as they are? Of course, there are some exceptional cases, as there will always be, in which people wilfully blind their eyes to evils they know not how to remedy, or in which (rare indeed!) the choir is in such a state that there is no evil to be got rid of, no abuse to remove; but in almost every case the evil is confessed, and a remedy is desired.

What this evil is, may be stated in a few words. Our choirs are composed of persons utterly unfitted, in most important respects, for the duties they have to discharge; many of their duties they cannot perform at all; while others, which are within their power, they do not understand, and so perform amiss.

Now let it not be supposed that, in what we are saying, we



are making any attack upon choir-singers; it is their misfortune rather than their fault that they are unfitted for duties for which they have not had the necessary training; nor can it be justly interpreted as blame to say that they do not understand what no one has taken the trouble to explain to them. Many of our choir-singers we know, from personal observation, to be very respectable and honourable members of society, who behave themselves with all propriety in church, and by their conduct give no scandal elsewhere. Many of them are quite conscious of their own deficiencies in matters of which we have yet to speak, and doubtless would gladly avail themselves of any instruction which might be afforded them therein. It is no fault of theirs that matters are as they are.

Again, it may frankly be acknowledged that, in many cases, there is no reason for finding fault with their singing; as far as their numbers will allow, they do justice to the Mass music with which they are familiar; and so, as members of the musical profession, they may justly be said to fulfil their duties; whence it is evident that no blame attaches to them for the dissatisfaction which is so generally felt at the present state of our choirs.

What, then, is the evil of which we complain? Wherein are our singers unfitted for their office, if, as we have just said, there is no fault to be found with their singing? What right, it might be said, have we to require more than singing from singers? To this we reply, that under ordinary circumstances we require no more than this: that in a concert-room we look to them for good singing and nothing more; but the case is very different when the singer enters a church choir; for then he has to take part in holy functions; he is no longer a mere singer, but a minister of holy Church, and therefore it is that we are bound to ask questions which elsewhere would be beyond our province; therefore it is that we are in conscience bound to raise objections to the employment of singers who, in another place and under other circumstances, would be unobjectionable enough.

Now, surely, the very first inquiry should be one which, strange to say, but too often seems never to be made at all: Is the person we propose to introduce into our church choir a *Catholic*? This, we say, is the very first question to be asked; for what musical skill, what gift of voice can compensate for the absence of the one faith? There can be no need of argument upon this point—there cannot be two opinions on the matter. No one can defend the enormity of putting heretics and schismatics to sing the *people's part* in the highest and

holiest functions of our religion. It needs only to be stated, for its gross irreverence to be felt. Make the case your own, and undertake the explanation of it to a stranger—perchance to one who seems, by God's grace, tending towards the True Faith. Tell him that those who sing so sweetly the music of the Church are not the Church's children: never mind the start he gives, and the inquiring glance he turns upon you, but go on, and explain more fully that the words they utter are, in their mouths, a lie; that the Creed they sing they do not believe; that when they bow lowly at "*Et incarnatus est*," it may be that they are Socinians, who deny the mighty mystery; that when they kneel before Incarnate God, elevated on the altar, they kneel in mockery, like those who once cried to Him, "*Hail, King of the Jews*." Go on, if you have heart to do so,—go on, and tell him that these are they to whom you intrust the Church's Litanies and Benediction Hymns; that these disbelievers are paid to sing the "*Pange lingua*" in processions of the most adorable Sacrament, and to follow the image of our Blessed Lady with an "*Ora pro nobis*," when they reject the great dogmas which give meaning to these rites, and alike despise the Mother's power and the Son's Divine presence. Who has courage enough to follow out the thoughts which these words suggest? Who can patiently contemplate in his own mind the injury done to religion itself in the souls of those who are thus brought without faith amid holiest mysteries, or who witness such things, and are met by such scandals upon the very threshold of the Church? And yet how many are there who not only tolerate such things, but even lend a hand to perpetuate them! Men will not defend what every right principle condemns; but they do what is practically worse, they sanction it; they make excuses for it; they look away from it; they acknowledge it to be very bad; they listen to your expostulations, and confess that all you say is very true; but in the end comes the old question, What can we do? what is your remedy? As though the difficulty of finding fit persons could be admitted as a sufficient reason for employing those who are morally unfit! We should not accept such reasoning in matters which concern ourselves, and yet we let it pass muster when God's service is in question. Good schools are difficult to be met with; are we, therefore, content to send our children to those which we know to be bad? Or if a son is to be started in life, do we plead the trouble of finding a good master as our reason for committing him to one whose faith or morals are unsound? The school may have a high reputation for classical learning, the professional man or tradesman may bear a name of note in his



peculiar line; but will not the parent who makes any claim to a religious character reject with scorn the advice that would urge him to overlook these moral deficiencies, on the ground of other advantages; and will he not feel that the difficulty in his way should but make him more careful in seeking out those who can alone do his work effectually? And so surely must it be in matters which concern the functions of our holy faith. The difficulty to be overcome is indeed great, but it is not invincible; and it is to aid in its removal that the present paper is written.

Without dwelling, then, longer upon this point,—though its importance can scarcely be over-estimated, and want of space can alone excuse our touching thus briefly upon it,—let us proceed to consider another complaint which may be made against most of our choirs as at present constituted. This is, the ignorance which so generally prevails among them as to the duties they have to perform, and the functions in which they have to take so important a part. Few persons who have had any experience in these matters can have failed to observe the truth of this complaint. The miserable disorder which prevails when any thing has to be done by the choir, the confusion which they create in processions, their utter helplessness in finding out introits, graduals, antiphons, and commemorations—who has not noted these things? which, did they concern less holy rites, would be simply ludicrous. Of course, where Protestants are admitted to the choir, such ignorance is not to be wondered at; for who would look for the Catholic spirit where the Catholic faith is wanting? Who would expect in strangers the freedom and intimacy with the ways of home, which are proper to the children of holy Church? This, it is true, is another reason for not allowing such persons to take a place in our choirs; but we do not stay to urge it now, and for this cause, that when the greater argument will not prevail, we can have but little hope that any inferior one will suffice. It is merely captious to complain of the manner of those whose faith you regard not; it is pharisaical to strain at this gnat of ignorance, after swallowing the camel of mischief.

But this charge of ignorance is brought not only against Protestants, but against Catholics also. Would that we could with reason deny it; but we cannot; and there is no use in trying to conceal the truth, or to explain it away: it must be looked in the face. The charge is but too true, rest the blame where it may. There is, it must be confessed, a most pitiable ignorance of the functions of the Church in many Catholics who take part in them; and to this must be attributed much



of the disorder and confusion which attend most great functions in both England and Ireland.\* How far this ignorance extends, and to what classes it is limited, it does not concern our present purpose to inquire; enough that few, if any, will venture to deny its general prevalence among those to whom the duties of the choir are intrusted. Of course, we do not mean to say that *all* are thus ignorant of this important part of their duties; for there are, doubtless, many whose zeal is only equalled by their knowledge; but these are the exceptions, which serve but to prove the rule.

It is but right, however, that we should explain more fully what we mean, lest any who may feel themselves involved in this charge should misunderstand the ignorance of which they are accused; and, moreover, it is but justice to ourselves to remind our readers of what we have before said, that herein we are not so much blaming those who are involved in this ignorance, as the *system* which has kept them in it; or, we should rather say, the utter want of system which has left them in it, which, neglecting the due fitting of proper instruments for this especial office of the Church, has been content to snatch at any thing when the need urged. We will not be so unjust as to blame those who are thus *pressed* into a service for which they have had no preparatory training; but we desire to expose the evils which necessarily result from this no-system; and we invite those who suffer especially through it to aid us in carrying into effect the plan we have to lay before our readers and the public for remedying this evil, which afflicts all classes alike—choir-singers and congregations, priests and people—those who exemplify in themselves the want of due training and instruction, and those who suffer through the ignorance and inefficiency of what misrepresents the Church's idea of a Catholic choir.

Having thus, as we hope, removed a wrong impression, which might influence the minds of some to regard us as opponents, when, in truth, we are making common cause with them, and when, instead of attacking them, we are fighting on their side against a neglect under which we all alike suffer, let us proceed to consider the *ignorance* of which complaint is made, and for which it is our object to suggest a remedy.

And first, it should be clearly understood that we are not now speaking of ignorance of music. On this point we shall have presently to say a few words, when considering those

\* Many persons who assisted last autumn at the Great Festival at Amiens, will have been struck with the remarkable contrast there presented by the conduct and general efficiency of a *large* troop of singing-boys attached to the cathedral. Their discipline was *complete*.

choirs, or portions of choirs, which are without due scientific training; but now we are taking for granted that the singers are sufficiently instructed in music, and can properly sing what is set before them. The defect to which we allude is an ignorance of the ceremonies proper to their office, and of the functions in which they take part. To illustrate what we mean, we will suppose them assisting at a High Mass. How many know what festival is to be celebrated, and what music is proper for the occasion? Ask what Mass is to be sung, and they will tell you the name of some composer; but of *Introit*, *Gradual*, or any thing else beyond this, they have no knowledge. In the Offertory piece, too, the ignorance of the choir too often manifests itself; for who among them knows what festival they are celebrating, or who cares to think what will be most appropriate? Rather the question is, who is there to sing, and what is the last piece learned? or, whose turn is it to have the solo? And so it comes to pass that our ears are startled by words which are wonderfully out of place, and music which finds no echo in the solemnity of the season: hymns of joy, rich in "Alleluias," are sung in Lent, while strains of sorrow are wailed forth at Christmas or Easter. Nor let any suppose that we are at all exaggerating in what we are now saying. The last few months have, within our own experience, illustrated this incongruity, as we happen to know that on one occasion (at the Mass of Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament), the piece selected for the Offertory at that joyous time was a verse from the *Stabat Mater*, "O quam tristis et afflicta," &c. Of course, it was a favourite piece with the principal soprano, and *therefore* was sung; while shortly afterwards, in the same city, the feast of their founder was celebrated by one of the religious orders, and the marvellously inappropriate stanza from the same hymn, "Quis est homo qui non fleret," did duty at the Offertory. Of course, Rossini's music was the only thing thought of; and so the *Stabat Mater* must furnish materials for the great festivals.

And surely it must be to this ignorance of what is fit and becoming, and not to any intentional irreverence, that we must ascribe those offensive exhibitions which too often meet us in certain places, where the church is suddenly converted into a concert-room, and the stranger is most unexpectedly favoured with a series of solos, duets, and choruses by "the principal musical talent of the neighbourhood." We ourselves were present, not long since, on one of these occasions, when, after a Low Mass, with music (*i. e.* with part of one of Haydn's *Glorias*, lasting all through the Mass), our ears were assailed with a flourish of trumpets, and a regular concert began—first,



a long symphony ; then what sounded very much like an "aria buffa" by a basso ; then a brilliant affair in the *Non piu mesta* style ; then a chorus from the *Creation*. During all this the congregation sat quietly listening, smiling their admiration of particular passages ; while some children near us availed themselves of the general relaxation to feast on apples, &c. The performances were for a time interrupted by a charity sermon ; but as soon as this was over, the concert was again renewed with unabated vigour, while the Blessed Sacrament was exposed and Benediction given ; the *Tantum ergo Sacramentum*, as we afterwards found out, being one of the brilliant solos which attracted such attention and excited so much admiration !

Charity suggests that this ill-timed and most unbecoming exhibition should be attributed to the ignorance rather than to the irreverence of those who do not understand the Church's spirit. They use what skill they have in God's service, and therein are worthy of all praise. It is their misfortune, rather than their fault, that they know not how to employ aright what they have to offer, and thus waste in unseemly display the ability which might be turned to much better account ; for had the same amount of musical talent been duly trained for the Church's service in the way which she requires, how vastly different would have been the result ! for then music would have taken its due place as the handmaid of religion. Its services would have been sanctified, and all would have been in harmony ; whereas, for want of this, the whole was one confused jumble of discordant elements ; the church and concert-room alternately succeeded each other, and at last were forced into most unnatural union.

We have thus far spoken only of choirs which consist of trained singers ; of persons who have received a good musical education, and who consequently are able to do justice to music of a high order. Some few such choirs exist in this country, and by their performance of certain Masses give real satisfaction to people who can appreciate excellence. Perhaps there may be some five or six which come under this description ; but against even these the objections we have urged may be taken, because, in common with the rest, they have had no especial ecclesiastical training ; they have not been put in the way of acquiring the right spirit, and so are deficient in many most important respects, in what is wanting in a true Catholic choir-man ; and therefore, could such accomplished musicians be obtained for most of our choirs,—which is simply impossible,—we still should not have what we want, and what we assert may be obtained without any very enormous exertion or any overwhelming expense.



But there is another class of choir-singers, which is more generally to be met with, and of which we desire to speak with all possible respect, because we know how pure is the motive which actuates its members, and how great is frequently the sacrifice of time and ease which they make to fulfil the duties which they have undertaken. But, alas, how seldom can we find among this most estimable class the musical skill and experience which is absolutely necessary for a due discharge of the duties of the choir: devotional feeling they have; but this will not supply the need of musical knowledge: they wish to do what is right; but good wishes avail but little in such matters, and so we have musical performances which are real musical phenomena, trying enough to the ordinary listener, but positively excruciating to the ear of a musician.

It surely requires but little observation to see that most amateur performers are in some respects as unfitted for choir duties as mere professional singers are in others. Nor can it be said that they mutually supply one another's deficiencies; for were it so, a judicious combination of the two might be all that is needed; but it is not so: wherein they chiefly fail, both professional and amateur alike fail; and this defect can be remedied in one way alone, namely, by a regular education for the work of the choir. What, then, we assert, and what every one's experience in the matter must confirm, is this, that at present we have no sufficient materials out of which to form satisfactory choirs. We may engage musical ability and experience on one side, we may invite devout Catholics on another, we may (perhaps) meet with others who know something of ritual matters, and we may pick up a few who will volunteer the chant of the Vespers; but where shall we find all these qualifications combined in the same persons? Let any one who has tried to form a choir upon right principles answer this question; indeed, as things now are, it is simply impossible to do so, and therefore many excellent people, priests and laymen alike, have given it up in despair, as a dream which can never be realised. And yet such choirs have been in times past, and are yet to be found in other lands.

It surely, then, becomes a duty to see if something cannot be done to remedy an evil which every one admits and deplores; and perhaps no time could be better fitted for the attempt than the present, when choir matters are in so unsettled a state. Efforts have been made in almost every direction during the last few years to remedy old abuses. Many have been cut down root and branch, with a zeal that promised great things: organ-galleries have been cleared out, ladies

received polite thanks and dismissals, and old-fashioned people have been startled from their dozings by the unusual spectacle of surpliced choir-men and boys. But then, alas, people whispered that the new singers were not Catholics, and might be heard elsewhere singing music of a very different character; and then irreverences which had escaped observation behind gallery-curtains came openly into view, until, at last, many who had taken part in the original movement grew, as well they might, dissatisfied with what they saw, and in despair of a better remedy, almost yearned after the old days of organ-galleries, the "talented Miss Smith," and *Glorias* twenty minutes long. Nor, it must be confessed, can we altogether condemn those who felt thus; for is there not something sound at bottom? is there not a hatred of sham, a contempt for mere pretence of ritual exactness, which clothes Protestants in the garb of ecclesiastics, and sacrifices a principle for the sake of an effect?

We think, then, that this is precisely the time for bringing forward a scheme for meeting this difficulty, and for dealing with it in a right way. The old system was confessedly a bad one; the attempt at its correction has in a measure failed, and why? Because it began at the wrong end: it swept away one system before it had another ready to fill its place; and, moreover, it imitated much that was bad in the exploded system. Ritual propriety excluded females from choirs; but their place was supplied by untrained boys who could not sing, or by others who could, but who came from places of ill repute, and who had been brought up in an utterly worldly system. Instead of founding schools for a complete education in Catholic music and ritual, where musicians might be formed who would understand what the Church required of them, and which would by this time have provided us not only with singing boys who would know what they sing, but with organists, cantors, and choir-men; instead of this, it was content to pick up here a good voice, and there a clever boy, and use him while his voice lasted, and then throw him aside, because no pains had been taken to make him useful in after-life—just as a child will fill its garden with plucked flowers, and enjoy their brief sweetness, taking no thought for the future. Of course, nothing came of such a perverse course as this, for nothing could come of it but disappointment and labour in vain; choir-men were continually leaving, for there was nothing to attach them to the Church's service; boys who could sing were only to be obtained at heavy cost, and then just as their voices were failing; in short, go where you will, you hear the same complaint, that of all his trials the choir is one of the most annoy-



ing: of all disappointments it is perhaps the greatest which the zealous missionary priest meets with in his ordinary course. And yet the remedy for all this is in our own hands, if we but choose to use it; we need but ordinary patience, a little zeal, and some self-sacrifice, to carry out a scheme which will not only supply in a great measure our present wants, but will provide most amply for our future greatest necessities.

What this remedy is, we have already suggested. We must establish good schools, in which music must be thoroughly taught by competent masters, and in which the functions must be fully explained, and the boys trained to fill those offices to which the Church invites them. Our wants themselves suggest the instruction which is needed; while the deficiencies we have pointed out in the majority of those who now fill our choirs, warn us against the danger into which we might run, of neglecting one part of education for the sake of another. Only let us get a clear idea of what we want, and the course of education will not be difficult to be determined. We want *musicians*; boys who can understand music in all its various styles, who will grow up into a competent knowledge of the science, and so be able in after-life to continue in choir, and take office as choir-masters, or, it may be, as organists. And in these "various styles" we include Gregorian as well as modern music. Never was there a more entire mistake than that which treats Gregorian music as characteristically easy, in comparison with later compositions. To modern ears and capacities it is most difficult, requiring a peculiar training to render its execution at all what it ought to be. But mere musicians will not content us, however accomplished they may be; because the office they have to fill is one of a higher and holier character than a simply musical one. As ministers of holy Church, they have to apply their peculiar gifts and knowledge to her service, and in the especial way which she has pointed out. Hence it is at once evident that those we train must be Catholics; and that we must train them as thoroughly for their especial office, as we would train a priest for the duties of the sanctuary. Thus *Latin* becomes an essential feature in their course of study; the *least* we can require is that they should understand what they sing; but over and above this, they must understand what they have to do; no amount of drilling will fit them for assisting in the divine offices and functions of the Church so well as a familiar acquaintance with those offices and functions themselves; they must be taught the meaning of all in which they take a part, and know why the Church requires this elaborate ceremonial,



and why she is so precise in details. Thus must they be reared in her courts and trained in her ways; and then unconsciously they will imbibe her spirit, and grow into what she would have them to be. Their musical talent will be duly fostered and healthily developed. Educated in a spirit of devotion, they will learn to offer to God their best; and so will understand that all that art and science can do to render their service acceptable must be carefully sought after and diligently used, that music may fill its appointed place—and that a high and very important one—in the service of the altar. Impressed with a just appreciation of the holiness of the work in which they are engaged, how careful will their teachers be to inspire right principles into their minds, and to enkindle holy aspirations in their hearts; and how innumerable will the opportunities be which present themselves, and of which, when really in earnest, they will not fail to take advantage, to initiate these young servants of holy Church into the profound mysteries which are so strikingly set forth in the appointed ceremonies of religion. And thus will they, as they grow in years and advance in temporal knowledge, acquire a deeper and fuller insight into the things of God, and learn to recognise His hand in forms which to many are without meaning, and to hear His voice in words which to too many ears sound in vain.

Trained in such a system as this, what may we not hope for in time to come? Ignorance, now so often the fruitful source of irreverence and confusion, will be banished from our choirs; for a few such as these will be the salt to season the rest—will be the leaven to leaven the whole. The zealous priest will no longer fear or distrust his choir; but instead of a grief, they will be a joy to his heart; instead of spreading confusion whenever they take part in functions, and giving disedification by their light or irreligious behaviour, they will be his readiest assistants and most trustworthy ministers, glorifying God as well by their knowledge and behaviour as by their musical skill and ability.

Nor let it be supposed that this is a mere Utopian dream—a thing to be wished for, but beyond our realisation; for what is needed to carry it out but that a few zealous and active men, impressed with a due sense of its importance, and having a clear view of the work to be done, should unite in founding a really good school for this especial work? Not that we would wish to limit the work to one school; for it may be more or less fully carried out in many missionary parishes. We have lately seen a prospectus of one such school at Mortlake, to which we wish gladly to take this opportunity to direct atten-

tion\* as the first attempt to meet this pressing need; but we hope that eventually a school on a still larger scale may be established, which will be able more completely to realise the idea here set forth, and which will serve both as a model to other missions, and also as a source from whence masters may in time be drawn, to manage smaller establishments of a similar kind.

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## rites and ceremonies.

### NO. I.—HOLY WATER.

WHEN one of our Protestant fellow-countrymen enters for the first time a Catholic church, he is struck by seeing a vase of water close to the door. His wonder is increased when he sees every one go to it, take a little of the water on his finger, and make the sign of the cross. If he happens to come in for the parish Mass on Sundays, he sees the priest go round the church sprinkling this water over the heads of the people. If a Missal has been put into his hand, he may have seen, to-

\* **MORTLAKE CHORAL SCHOOL.**—This school is intended for a particular class of children, and is called a Choral School, because a practical knowledge of music, especially of ecclesiastical music, will be a part of the education given. In almost every mission there are to be found boys employed about the altar or in the choir, who unite good general abilities with some taste for music, and who are very desirous of improving themselves and getting on. It is to the parents or patrons of such boys that this school offers an opportunity of giving them, at a small expense, such a good general education as may fit them to be school-masters or office clerks; or, if they have a vocation, to go on to the ecclesiastical state.

And secondly, as one step towards supplying the great want at present existing of properly-trained choristers, singing-men, and choir-masters, it is intended to give them a thorough training in vocal music; not of any one particular school, but such as may enable them to execute correctly whatever may be required of them.

In accordance with this object, the following rules will be observed in granting admission:

I. The children must not be under nine years of age, and have received an ordinary education.

II. They must have a natural turn for music.

III. They must have good natural abilities, and have shown a disposition to exert themselves.

IV. They must be recommended for their general good behaviour.

The education will be that of an ordinary English education, with the addition of Latin and vocal music. Instrumental music will not be an ordinary part of the education; but boys who are likely to become useful as organists will have the opportunity of being trained for that purpose.

The pension for boys who live in lodgings provided by their parents (which must be approved of by the Director) will be from 6*l.* to 7*l.* a year; for those provided with board and lodgings, from 16*l.* to 20*l.*, extras included.

For further particulars, address to Rev. J. G. WENHAM, St. Mary Magdalen's, Mortlake.

wards the end, various forms of blessing: the form for blessing lambs at Easter, eggs, bread, new fruits, eatables, candles, a new house, a room, a new ship, priest's vestments; and at the end of each form there is a rubric directing the object to be sprinkled with holy water. What is this holy water? he says. Is it a remnant of Judaism or of Paganism? or is it an invention of the dark ages? Any how, the prejudiced man does not hesitate to pronounce it something eminently unchristian, and an unmitigated superstition. Here and there, however, a more cautious and inquiring mind may have some curiosity to obtain more accurate information on the subject. The following attempt to satisfy this laudable curiosity will afford another instance of the great weight of historical evidence that is to be found in support of those practices of Catholic devotion which seem of minor importance, yet which are very dear to every sincere member of the Church.

St. Thomas of Aquin explains the use of holy water in the following words: "Holy water," he says, "is applied against the snares of the devil and against venial sins, which are obstacles to the fruit of the sacraments."\* And again, comparing holy water with exorcisms, which are also used against the attacks of the devil, he says: "Holy water is given against outward assaults of devils; but exorcisms are used against their inward attacks;" "or, we may say, that as penance is given us to be a second remedy for sin, in consequence of baptism not being repeated, so holy water is the second remedy against diabolical assaults, because the exorcisms of baptism are not repeated."† Elsewhere he writes: "Holy water is used to obtain the pardon of venial sins. This it effects, inasmuch as it is used with feelings of respect for God and holy things. The punishment of venial sin will be remitted according to the degree of fervour with which we turn to God."‡ If we compare this doctrine of St. Thomas with the doctrine of the Church at the present day, as laid down in the prayers used for blessing water, we shall see that 600 years have made no change in this regard.§ We may therefore expect to find that St. Thomas, in like manner, has only told us what had been held in the Church before his time, even from the beginning.

Without recurring to the practices of the old law,|| and without basing an argument on any text of the New Testament, we will confine ourselves to the monuments of Chris-

\* Sum. pars i. q. 65, a. 1 ad 6.

† Ibid. q. 71, a. 2 ad 3.

‡ Ibid. q. 87, a. 3 ad 3.

§ The reader may find the translation of the prayers used for blessing holy water in Dr. Rock's *Hierurgia*, vol. ii. pt. ii. c. 13.

|| Exod. xxx. 17; Num. xix. 1, 5, 17.



tian antiquity and the records of ecclesiastical history. The earliest monuments are of course the Roman catacombs; and even there we have traces of the use of holy water. Bottari, in his *Roma Sotterranea*,\* gives the copy of a fresco taken from one of the chapels there, wherein a certain number of clergy are represented in dalmatics, and one is sprinkling holy water. This painting, however, may not be of the highest antiquity. But besides this, at the entrances of the cubicula that were used for churches in the times of persecution, low pillars are sometimes found, on which it would seem that vases of holy water were placed. Certainly Eusebius alludes to these vases in the great church built by Paulinus Bishop of Tyre;† and Le Brun assures us that the Nestorians of Malabar had holy water at the door of their churches.‡ It appears, indeed, from many passages of the early Fathers, that the faithful used regularly to wash their hands at the church-doors. And hence frequent occasion is taken of reminding them that they ought to come to prayer with pure consciences, *i.e.* free from all grievous sin; for otherwise the washing of hands will avail nothing.§ And this is only an illustration of the principle inculcated by St. Thomas in the passage quoted above, namely, that holy water is not a sacrament, but depends for its effects in purifying from venial sin on the dispositions of the person using it.||

But St. Thomas mentions another use of holy water, viz. as a preservative against the outward attacks of the devil; and since this is a point that may not be so easily proved in accordance with early tradition, we propose to turn our chief attention to it. As early as the beginning of the second century (according to Anastasius the librarian), the faithful had obtained leave from Pope Alexander I. to take holy water from the church to their own houses;¶ and probably this was only sanctioning an existing practice. In the Apostolical Constitutions,\*\* the blessing of water is ascribed to St. Matthew. “St. Matthew,” it is there said, “ordained that the bishop should bless water or oil. But if the bishop be not present, let the priest, assisted by the deacon, give the blessing. When the bishop is present, both priest and deacon must assist. The

\* Tom. iii. p. 171, par. 148; given in Rock's *Hierurgia*, tom. ii. p. 2, c. 13.

† Hist. Eccles. x. 4.

‡ Cérémon. de la Messe, tom. vi. p. 567.

§ Tert. de oratione, c. 11; Paulin. Ep. 32; Chrys. Hom. 25 in Verb. AA. See Baron ad ann. 57, Annal. Eccles.; Bingham, Antiq. viii. 3-6.

|| See Bergier, Dict. Theol. art. *Eau bénite*. Le Brun, Cérémonies de la Messe, introd. art. vi. tom. i.

¶ Apud Baron. Ann. Eccles. an. 132, m. 3.

\*\* Const. Apost. l. viii. c. 29,—apud Mansi, tom. i. p. 578.

blessing is as follows: Lord of Sabaoth, God of power, the Creator of water and giver of oil, Thou who pardonest and lovest man, Thou didst give water to drink and cleanse, and oil for gladness; vouchsafe, then, to sanctify this water and oil for Christ's sake: . . . . give to it the power of healing and expelling sickness,\* of driving away devils, and of rescuing from all snares, through Christ our hope, &c."

Let us next examine the pages of Church history. St. Epiphanius, in his account of the Ebionite heresy, after having related the conversion of Count Joseph, tells us that he had obtained leave from the emperor to build churches for the Christians; and that he began at Tiberias, where was a large temple ascribed to Adrian, and called after him the Adrian Temple. But as it had remained unfinished, the citizens were desirous of fitting it up for public baths. Count Joseph, on learning this, determined to turn it into a church. The building, however, had to be completed. In order to prepare materials, he ordered seven furnaces to be made ready outside the town. The Jews, enraged at these proceedings, had recourse to incantations, which suspended the action of the fire. The workmen, finding all their labour to be in vain, reported it to the count, who immediately hastened to the spot; and calling for a vessel of water, made the sign of the cross over it, and invoked the name of Jesus, saying: "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, Whom my fathers crucified, let this water have the power of dispelling all incantations and magic, and of restoring to the fire its power; so that we may complete the house of God." He then sprinkled each furnace, and in the presence of all, the flames instantly burst forth; whereupon the crowd retired, exclaiming, "There is but one God, the God who helps the Christians." The same author had just before related how this same Count Joseph had cured by the same means a madman possessed by the devil.† Photius, too, has recorded that St. Chrysostom healed a poor woman by sending her some blessed water.‡ St. Jerome, again, in his life of the hermit St. Hilarion, tells a still more wonderful story: Italicus, a Christian citizen of Gaza, intended to run his horses in the circus against the horses of a duumvir of Gaza. This magistrate, being a worshipper of the god Marnas, was versed in magic, and was reported to be using incantations to prevent the horses of Italicus from winning. Italicus

\* St. Thomas says nothing about the power in holy water of restoring health; but many think that this is limited to cases where sickness is brought on either by diabolical agency, or as a punishment of venial sin; in which case St. Thomas will have alluded to it indirectly.

† Eph. de Hær. 30, Ebion, l. i. tom. ii.

‡ Photius, Bibliotheca, 96.

therefore had recourse to the saint, and begged him to dispel these charms; without, however, doing any hurt to his rival. The venerable Hilarion at first declined to interfere by prayer in trifles of this kind, and with a smile replied that he should sell his horses, and give the money to the poor for his soul's sake. But Italicus replied that he was in some sort a public functionary, and was not free to break off his undertaking. As a Christian, he could not employ magic even against magic; and therefore he had recourse to the servant of God against the god whom the people adored at Gaza. He wished to blot out an insult which was offered not to himself personally but to the Church of Christ. Hilarion then called for his drinking-cup; and, after having had it filled with water, gave it to Italicus, who sprinkled with it the stables, horses, drivers, chariots, and even the race-ground. Great were the expectations of the crowd; for though the duumvir laughed at the Christian for what he had done, yet there were not wanting others who foreboded the defeat of the pagan and the success of Italicus, which in fact really ensued; whereupon the people cried out, "Christ has conquered Marnas;" and many were converted.\*

A story not very unlike the first which we quoted from St. Epiphanius is told by Theodoret in his Church History. When a prefect was sent by the Emperor Theodosius to destroy the great temple of Jupiter at Apamea, acting upon the advice of one of his labourers, he had undermined the columns and propped them up with olive-wood, intending to destroy these by fire, and so to bring down the massive superstructure. The devil, however, impeded the action of the fire; the wood refused to ignite. Marcellus, the bishop, hearing of this, hastened to the church, called for a vessel of water, and after having placed it under the altar, prayed to God that he would show His might over the false power of Satan, lest unbelievers should be more hardened. Then making the sign of the cross over the water, he gave it to his deacon Equitius, desiring him to sprinkle it on the place in a spirit of faith, and then to apply fire again to the props. Hereupon a flame burst forth, which the water seemed to feed as though it were oil. The three columns soon fell, and with them twelve more and one whole side of the building; and when the citizens, attracted to the spot by the noise of the fall, learnt what had happened, they gave glory to God and sang hymns in His honour.†

\* St. Hier. in vitâ Sti Hilarion Abbat. Some authors attribute to this history the origin of the ceremony of blessing horses and other animals on the festival of St. Anthony the hermit.

† Theod. Hist. Eccles. l. v. c. 21.



' And yet once more: St. Gregory the Great, in his book of dialogues, amongst other miracles performed by Fortunatus, Bishop of Todi, relates the following. The holy bishop had tried earnestly, but without success, to ransom two boys whom a Goth was carrying captive from the city. On passing before the church of St. Peter, this man was thrown from his horse, and broke his leg. He was immediately removed to the *hospitium*, and thence, feeling remorse for what he had done, he sent to ask St. Fortunatus to send him a deacon. On the deacon's arrival, he bade him take the two boys to the bishop; "and tell him," he added, "that I have been struck in this way because he cursed me; but pray for me." The deacon took the boys to the bishop, and delivered his message; and the bishop sent him back with some holy water to sprinkle over the man. By this means the man was healed, and continued his journey as if nothing had happened.\*

We will now turn homewards, and see the usage amongst our British and Saxon ancestors. Venerable Bede tells us, that when SS. Germanus and Lupus were sailing to Britain (A.D. 447), the devil raised a violent tempest in the Channel. St. Germanus was asleep, but on being awakened by St. Lupus, he sprinkled water on the waves in the name of the Holy Trinity, and immediately they were calmed.† Now since these holy men were called over by the Britons because they had preserved the Catholic faith in its purity, it is no assumption to say that they held the same faith and religious observances as our own forefathers; or in other words, that our ancestors were familiar with the use of holy water, just as St. Germanus himself was. St. Gregory the Great, in writing to the Abbot Mellitus, says: "When Almighty God shall have brought you to our reverend brother Bishop Augustine, tell him what determination I have come to with regard to England; namely, that the temples of the gods are not to be destroyed in that country. But when the idols have been exterminated, *let water be blessed*, let it be sprinkled in the temples; let altars be erected, and relics placed in them."‡

Venerable Bede also tells us of many miraculous cures wrought by means of holy water. Thus, Bishop Acca, when a priest in Ireland (A.D. 678), had cured a young man by putting into some blest water a small particle of the oak on which the head of St. Oswald had been stuck by the pagans after his death, and giving it to the sick man.§ Simeon of Durham, in

\* S. Greg. Magn. Dial. l. i. c. 10.

† H. E. Gent. Ang. l. i. c. 17.

‡ Ibid. l. i. c. 30. Pope Vigilius, in the early part of the sixth century, gives similar directions to Eutherius, Bishop of Braga. Mansi, tom. ix. p. 32.

§ Idem. ibid. l. iii. c. 13, et v. vit. Wilfridi auctore Heddo, c. 53.

his chronicle, relates two similar cures performed by means of holy water and relics. Finally, the venerable historian of the Anglo-Saxon Church tells us, on the authority of Berthun, abbot of Inderwood, of a similar miracle wrought by St. John of Beverley, about the year 686, upon a noble lady residing about two miles from the monastery we have mentioned. She had been confined to her room for three weeks, when St. John sent her some of the holy water that had been blessed in the dedication of the church,\* desiring her both to taste it and to have it applied to the parts where she suffered most pain. As soon as this had been done, she arose quite healed, and waited on the bishop and abbot, both of whom were dining that day at her husband's table, having been persuaded to do so by a promise of plentiful alms for the poor. "Thus," says our author, "she faithfully imitated the example of St. Peter's mother-in-law, who, when she had been cured by Christ of a fever, rose and ministered to him."†

We might multiply instances *ad infinitum*; but we have said enough to show that both in the Eastern‡ and Western Church, and in particular in the Church of our own country, holy water was used just as it is at present, and for the same purposes, viz. to counteract Satanic agency, and to help in recovering health.§ It is true that many of the instances related are miraculous; but who can tell where miracles cease, and where the natural operations begin to work, after impeding causes have been removed by special providence? Every priest can bear witness that the poor Irish in this country still ask for holy water when any friend or relative is ill, or when they have heard some mysterious noises in their dwellings that they ascribe to diabolical agency. Others can bear witness that houses that had been left as haunted have, by the blessing of the priest and the sprinkling of holy water, been rendered habitable. Some, again, have seen cures which seem almost miraculous, by the use of the same instrument with a firm and simple faith. We forbear from quoting instances; it is enough that we give glory to God, who grants such powers to the prayers and blessing of the Church.||

\* The blessing of this water is substantially the same as that of ordinary holy water.

† H. E. l. v. c. 4.

‡ See also Goar. Eucholog. Græc. pp. 13, 441, 453.

§ For other examples see Flores Exemplorum, P. Dauraultius, S. J. p. 2, c. iv. t. 20.

|| The consecration of baptismal water is mentioned by the early Fathers with the same earnestness as by theologians of these days. St. Cyp. Ep. 70 ad Januar.; St. Basil. de Spiritu Sancto, c. 27, n. 66; St. Ambros. de Sacram. l. i. c. 27, and others. But baptismal water is never confounded with holy water; the form of blessing, as well as the use, being quite distinct. See Rationale Divini Officii. Lugduni, 1518.

## Reviews.

## ANECDOTES OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

*La Repubblica Romana. Appendice all' Ebreo di Verona, corretta dall' Autore e corredata di Note.* Taddei, Ferrara, 1853.

WHEN it was announced to the readers of the *Civiltà Cattolica* that the story of "the Jew of Verona" was ended, there was a very general complaint that it had stopped just where fresh matter of interest and importance was most abundant; and a loud demand was made that the author should resume the thread of his discourse, and describe the state of Rome during the period between the Pope's flight and his return. To an ordinary novelist it would not have been easy to comply with this request: when the plot of a tale has been once fully developed, and some at least of its principal characters disposed of, according to the approved rules, either by death or matrimony, it would be difficult to compose a new plot, in which the same characters, or as many of them as survive, should reappear in their altered circumstances. As we have already seen, however, the interest of Father Bresciani's romance depended but little on any artificial composition; accordingly the heroine, whom we left in a state of insensibility, having fainted at the sight of the murdered hero, was soon brought to life again; and the *Appendice all' Ebreo di Verona* continued for many months to occupy a prominent place in the Jesuits' Magazine. It has now been republished in a separate form; though not, we are sorry to observe, uniform with the volumes of which it professes to be a continuation. We have read it with great interest, and propose to select a few of the most striking incidents from it, just as we have recently done from the original work.\*

The Appendix begins with an account of the effect that was produced upon the people and the self-appointed government of Rome, by the excommunication pronounced by the Holy Father at Gaeta in the opening of 1849. Every effort was made to destroy all the printed copies of this document, that they might not fall into the hands of the people. The conspirators would fain have kept from the public knowledge altogether, if this had been possible, the fact of the excommunication having been declared; and failing this, they were anxious that they should at least have no opportunity of

\* See *Rambler*, vol. xii. pp. 283, 374.



reading the document itself, but only of hearing their garbled and travestied account of its contents. Means were found, however, of printing a large number of copies in Rome itself; and the author tells us of one noble-minded Roman girl, who having persuaded a man of her acquaintance to accompany her with a bundle of these copies, went round herself at the dead of night with paste and brush duly concealed under her shawl, and affixed copies to the walls at the corners of all the principal streets in Trastevere, to the doors of some of the churches, and even in the immediate neighbourhood of the *quartieri* of the civic guard, and on the backs of some of the sentry-boxes. Many a fierce Republican too, when he wished to use his pocket-handkerchief, found a copy of the dreaded '*scomunica*' in his pocket by its side; others also found them in their hats, on their beds, on the seats of their carriages, and in a hundred other most improbable places. In public they professed, of course, to feel only contempt for spiritual weapons waged for such a cause in the nineteenth century; but in their hearts they knew that the majority of the Roman people did not share in these impious sentiments, and they therefore dreaded the effect of this measure; and those among the party who had been led, rather than the leaders, and in whose breasts the light of faith and devotion was not yet extinguished, could not fail to experience at least a momentary shock when they found themselves overtaken by so formidable a blow. It was to encourage this momentary feeling, and to kindle, if possible, the latent spark of repentance, that the wives, and mothers, and daughters, and sisters of these unhappy men had recourse to the devices we have named.

The publication of this declaratory sentence of excommunication was, indeed, the turning-point in the history of very many souls at that critical period. It concerned those only who had taken an active part in bringing about the revolution, or were now actively engaged in upholding its result, the existing form of government. Armellini, Sterbini, Campello, and the rest, anxious to oblige as many as possible to sail in the same boat with themselves, published a decree, requiring all soldiers to take an oath of fidelity to the new state of things; and all civil *employés* to make a declaration of their *adhesion* to the same. At first, many thought to lay the flattering unction to their soul, that there was a distinction between an oath of fidelity and a mere declaration of adhesion; so that, whereas the former would have been manifest treason and perjury in those who had long since taken an oath of allegiance to the Pope, the latter might, under the pressure of the circumstances, be admissible. And Father Bresciani gives an

interesting description of the way in which many an unhappy official would secretly gain access to some religious house, there to lay his case of conscience before his father-confessor, or some other approved theologian. But by and by the answer came from Gaeta most explicit, *non licet adherere*. And though many, of course, sacrificed their consciences to the supposed necessity of providing for their families, and still more to the urgency of fear, others again (and, thank God, not a few,) boldly resigned their posts; even though (as very often happened) it were the only means they had of maintaining their wives and families. Some of these, too, were men who had already given in their adhesion to the government, under an erroneous impression that this might be allowed; nevertheless, as soon as they heard of the pontifical decision, they openly revoked their declaration of allegiance; thereby not only losing all their means of sustenance, but also exposing themselves to great personal danger as *neri* and *retrogradisti*. Parish-priests, who publicly read and commented on the brief of excommunication from the altar on Sundays, and other ecclesiastics who were notorious for the advice they had given in the confessional to all who consulted them on the subject, were, of course, specially obnoxious to the ruling powers; and our author mentions one of the former class, who escaped from the assassination that had been decreed against him, only by the kindly warning of one of those who had been deputed to execute it. This man had been imprisoned many years before, for some not very grievous offence; and the kind-hearted parish-priest, seeing the misery of his family and the imminent dangers which threatened his young and handsome wife, succeeded with great difficulty in procuring his liberation, offering himself as surety for his future good behaviour. The man had unfortunately allowed himself to be entangled in the snares of the secret societies, and was sworn to execute their orders. Nevertheless, he could not allow his former benefactor to fall a victim to their wickedness; still less could he consent to have a share in such a crime himself. He therefore sent a message by his wife, entreating him to be out of the way by a certain time, which he named. The priest understood the hint, fled into the country, and took refuge in the distant town of Ferentino.

Ferentino was one of those frontier towns south of the Sabine chain of hills, which was most steadfast in its allegiance to the Papal government; its inhabitants, like those of Alatri, Fumone, and other places in the same neighbourhood, refused to elect a deputy for the Roman Costituente, and maintained a position of undisguised hostility against the revolutionists,



even in the height of their temporary success. To counteract any evil that might be apprehended from this quarter, Sterbini undertook to go amongst them, and see if he could not sow the seed of corruption, at least in some minds. Of course his mission was not altogether without fruit; sophistical arguments, delusive promises, and a liberal distribution of money, sufficed to purchase a few ignorant and evilly-disposed persons in each town. His success, however, was very limited; and on his return to Rome, he dispatched some of the most ferocious of the bandit-troops at his disposal to keep these places in check, and prevent them from combining together against the republic. The troops were received with silence, and their presence tolerated with sullen impatience; but when they proceeded to parade the streets after nightfall with bands of music, and singing revolutionary and immoral songs, the people flocked out of their houses and peremptorily forbade their passage: '*Sonatori, di qui non si passa.*' For a moment there was a slight show of resistance; but the men stepped back into their houses, and presently reappeared, brandishing the burning sticks which they had taken from off their hearths. This soon put the martial musicians to flight; and for the future they were obliged to confine their concerts to their own quarters. In process of time the "tree of liberty," surmounted by the usual red cap, was erected in the public square by order of the government; the Pontifical arms were removed out of sight, and the tricolor flag hoisted in their place. The people were constrained to suppress their feelings at all these indignities, and to content themselves with avoiding as much as possible the sight of the hated emblem of revolution and anarchy; or, when obliged to pass it, they did—as we have heard that many of the Irish peasantry do when they meet a Protestant parson—"put the sign of the cross between them and evil." They hit upon an ingenious device, too, for causing all the dogs of the town to have a special predilection for the foot of this tree; and in many other ways delighted to show their contempt and abhorrence for it. At last came the feast of the patron of the town, St. Ambrose; his image was to be carried as usual in solemn procession through all the principal streets; and of course the Piazza could not be avoided. They could not endure, however, that this sacred function should be polluted by the presence of the object of their detestation; and a few of the boldest spirits determined to remove it. At first it was proposed to consult the bishop, or at least the arch-priest of the parish; but this advice was overruled, lest the execution of their plan should be prohibited. At the very moment that the bells rang out



to announce the setting forth of the procession, the first stroke of the axe was levelled at the root of the tree; and in a few minutes, amid shouts of joy, *Viva Santo Ambrogio!* &c. &c. it was brought to the ground. By the time the procession reached the spot, it had been reduced to splinters, which were eagerly distributed to the people as they passed, and stuck by them into the torches which they were carrying. "The chief magistrate of the town," says Father Bresciani, "inwardly prayed that no harm might come of this; the bishop recommended himself to the protection of the Saint; some of the canons trembled for the consequences; whilst others testified their approbation by nods and gestures to the people, whose applause was most vociferous. 'Viva Santo Ambrogio! pass on your way rejoicing; you'll see no more of the devil's tree; look how it burns!'" Almost immediately afterwards news was received of the approach of the Neapolitan army, who were come to assist in relieving them from the heavy yoke of their oppressors. The inhabitants of the town went out to meet them with the most joyful acclamations, hailing them as their deliverers; all the streets were illuminated to receive them, and the best wines and an abundance of provisions were brought out for their refreshment. By and by, however, when this same army had retired (in consequence of the temporary truce that had been concluded between the Romans and the French), Garibaldi and the Roman Triumvirs determined to have a day of reckoning with these faithful subjects of the Pope. A portion of the most lawless troops in their employ was sent to take vengeance on the town; and the people, having no head, nobody round whom they could rally, who could marshal them into order and take measures for their defence, fled like sheep before a wolf. Money, furniture, provisions, were all concealed in the most secret places; the cattle, the men, women, and children were all hurried off with the utmost confusion across the Neapolitan frontier; bishop and priests, monks and friars, and even cloistered nuns, joined in the universal flight; and the distress and confusion which ensued was indescribable. One priest, who had lingered behind the rest, and upon whose track dogs were set by some of Garibaldi's legion, was so blinded by the hurry and alarm of his flight, that he fell over a considerable precipice; providentially his fall was intercepted by a thick mass of brambles, so that he was not dashed to pieces; nevertheless he encountered new perils of another kind, for he alighted on the hiding-place of a wolf, who was not a little amazed at the unexpected intrusion, and lost no time in taking himself off.

Father Bresciani tells this story as an illustration of the

weak and defenceless condition of the people, even where their devoted loyalty was most unquestionable, through lack of competent guides and leaders; and he is anxious by these means to make out a case for the Roman people, against those who would condemn them all for perfidy and ingratitude in their desertion of the Pope. That the great mass of the people were more sinned against than sinning, that they were grossly deceived by the hypocritical professions of the revolutionary leaders, and basely deserted by those who should have set them a noble example and placed themselves at their head, we most fully believe; at the same time, we cannot altogether acquit them from the charge of an excess of timidity. This very example of the people of Ferentino seems fully to establish it; a town enjoying every advantage of natural position, surrounded by massive walls of Cyclopean architecture, inhabited by a hardy and determined population, unanimous in their adhesion to the Pope—surely something might have been done in the way of offering a successful resistance, even though the few gentry and wealthier citizens had chosen rather to have recourse to flight. The panic which seized the inhabitants of Veroli, another town of the same character and in the same neighbourhood, was sudden, and ludicrous rather than reprehensible, and might have happened perhaps even to men of stouter hearts and more determined wills. It was a market-day, and the piazza was crowded both with people and with goods; by and by an armed force, consisting of some of Garibaldi's legion—whose name was a perfect terror throughout the country, and whose looks were of a piece with their reputation—was seen to enter by the Porta Romana. Already the poor market-women trembled with alarm, and the simple-minded peasantry began to apprehend a scene of plunder and bloodshed, when one of the foremost of the band, either by chance or for the express purpose of terrifying the natives, began to whet the axe which he was carrying, as though he wished to sharpen its edge for immediate execution. In an instant the people were seized with fright, burst forth into screams and shrieks of distress, and the whole place became a scene of disorder. The villagers from the neighbouring hills catch up their baskets and begin to run; the baskets upset; eggs, fruit, and vegetables are tumbled upon the pavement and into the streets; these, again, cause the people to stumble and fall, and then others fall over *them*; pigs and poultry, mules and asses, cows, goats, and sheep run hither and thither, infinitely increasing the confusion; the narrow streets cannot contain the mixed multitudes that seek to enter them; more especially since all the shop-keepers are rushing



out to put up the shutters to their windows, and never stop to take in the goods that hang without for display; those who are farthest from their homes crowd into the parish-church as a possible sanctuary; and the canons who are engaged in singing at the principal Mass of the day hear on all sides of them exclamations that the town is being sacked, is being put to fire and sword; that already a hundred corpses lie in the streets, that blood is flowing in torrents, and that the houses are burning; and without staying to ask how or by whom these things are being done, instantly they disappear. Rochets, berrettas, fur tippets and capes, bestrew the benches; the thurible lies empty on the ground, the smoking coals scattered around it; and only the priest who is offering the Holy Sacrifice remains at the altar. He, too, after reverently consuming the Host, retires hurriedly to the sacristy, where he sees every token of confusion, but none of his reverend colleagues. One has let himself down from a window into a blind alley, where he has taken shelter under some planks of wood, like a mouse in a hole; presently another, who had first fled to the bell-tower, and then, not thinking himself sufficiently secure, had made his escape through the same window, draws near to these same planks with the intention of creeping under them; but, being greeted by an earnest entreaty that he would spare somebody's life, he turns back in alarm, and crawls into the public sewer; and so, some in one way and some in another, all take to flight; and the troops enter the deserted market-place, without a man, woman, or child to greet them there, but piles of disordered baggage, as though it had been the field of a bloodless battle.

All this is ludicrous enough to read of, and must have been ludicrous also to those who bore a part in it, when all their mistake had been discovered; but there were other scenes and other features in the history of the Roman Republic which call forth very different feelings. We will not here enter again upon the painful subject of secret societies; though the long history of Lionello, occupying nearly half of this Appendix, introduces to us many new and yet more horrible circumstances than those which we laid before our readers on a former occasion. For the present, however, we will confine ourselves to the mention of offences and outrages of a more ordinary character, beginning with those in which these brave republicans seem to have specially delighted, against the weakest and most defenceless of the inhabitants of Rome, the cloistered nuns. As soon as the famous decree of the 27th April, 1849, had been passed, whereby the Republic, "in the name of God and of the people," cancelled all the vows



of the religious of both sexes, and declared them to be utterly null and void, certain commissioners appointed for the purpose went round to visit all the convents. Having first summoned the Mother Superioress, they ordered her to assemble the whole community, to whom they then read the absurdly grandiloquent decree; from which they doubtless anticipated some considerable results. Their offers of "liberty" were met in *every* instance either with silent contempt or with clever and spirited replies; but in no convent was there found a single nun willing to avail herself of them. Exasperated by this refusal of their proffered kindness, they did not scruple to make use of the most gross and insulting language in their interviews with these chaste spouses of Christ. In those convents whose inmates were devoted to the work of education, the commissioners insisted on seeing not only the nuns but also the scholars, and to see each of them singly, under the pretence of satisfying themselves that none were detained there against their will. And knowing the general character of the officers employed by the Republic, we scarcely needed the melancholy assurances of Father Bresciani, that they were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunities thus afforded them to insult young and innocent girls with impunity. It is even stated in these pages, on the testimony of an eye-witness, that a proposal was made in the *Circolo Popolare*, and received with the utmost enthusiasm by those who frequented that focus of every thing that was most abominable, to remove all the nuns in Rome from their several homes, and arrange them in double file upon the walls of the city near the *Porta San Pancrazio* and *Porta Portese*, where the cannonading of the besieging army was most vigorous; and that this scheme might possibly have been carried into execution but for the interference of the secretaries and consuls of some of the foreign embassies still remaining in Rome.

Nor is this the only occasion on which, according to our author, the interference of officials connected with the several legations was necessary in order to prevent certain excesses that had been determined on by the rebels when they found their cause was desperate, and that the French must soon be masters of the city. He names in particular the Secretary of the French Embassy as having prevented the destruction of St. Peter's, which they were purposing to accomplish, either by the explosion of eighty barrels of gunpowder placed in an excavation to be made under each corner of the Basilica, or by setting fire to vast quantities of faggots to be piled together among the wood-work of the roof. Sixteen conspirators were employed to make the necessary arrangements for the execu-

tion of this latter plan; but one of them, touched with remorse, confided the secret to a friend, who instantly communicated it to the French Secretary. This official at first refused to believe it possible that so monstrous a project could be entertained. His informant, however, under a promise of the strictest secrecy, procured him an interview with the repentant conspirator himself; and being thus assured of the reality of the plot, the Secretary proceeded at once to the Quirinal. Here, by means of threats that no terms should be given to them on the capture of the city, and that their lives should inevitably be the forfeit for such an enormity, he succeeded in obtaining a promise from the triumvirs that the plan should not be carried into execution. Nevertheless, he did not think it altogether superfluous to give warning to the officials of St. Peter's themselves; and more than forty persons were afterwards regularly employed day and night in keeping guard over the several parts of the Basilica, in the subterranean vaults, on the roof, at all the different entrances, &c.

Some of our readers may be disposed to think this story absolutely incredible. We can only repeat what we said in our former notice of the earlier portion of this work, that the author—and the author “is an honourable man”—vouches for its truth. Moreover, it is notorious that the republicans attempted to set fire to the other Basilica of St. Paul; and both these acts only belong to a class of offences for which they certainly had no distaste, as was abundantly shown in many minor matters during their short-lived reign of violence in Rome. Witness their destruction of the bells, for example. It is true indeed that, in their published decree, they promised to exempt from destruction all bells that were valuable as works of art, or curious and venerable for their antiquity, or on any other consideration. But in practice no such distinction was observed. The great bells of the Gesù, for instance, which had once hung in St. Paul's, London, whilst England was still Catholic, were amongst the first to be broken in pieces; so also the bells of Saint Agnese, in Piazza Navona, which struck the hours and regulated all the hours of business in that large and busy market; and many others also; besides innumerable precious objects of art in the sacristies of various churches in Rome, to redeem which large sums of money were sometimes offered in vain.

To the Christian, however, painful as these barbarisms may be, they sink into insignificance before the manifold sacrileges and other outrages affecting the honour and glory of God and the salvation of men's souls, which abounded in



those miserable times. Of what was done against the Blessed Sacrament we have spoken enough before, and will pass over the additional particulars contained in this *Appendix*. We will only now mention the scenes which were daily to be witnessed in the hospitals when once the siege of Rome was fairly begun. Instead of Sisters of Charity, women, the most abandoned of their sex, hovered around the beds of the dying; and instead of the grave and reverend *parroco* with surplice and stole, bending his ear down to the lips of the wounded soldier so as to receive his faint but humble confession, there stood Gavazzi, or some other renegade and suspended priest, clad *à la militaire*, with beard and moustache, a tricolor cravat and a dagger at his side, the handle of which being in the form of a cross was offered to the dying man to kiss instead of a crucifix! Finally, instead of words of warning mingled with encouragement addressed to the poor suffering sinner, bidding him repent, make his confession, and receive the comforting words of absolution, he was told that death, encountered in fighting for one's country, was a species of martyrdom; that in such a case there was no need of confession; that the blood of the soldier shed on the classic soil of Rome was like the blood of Abel, that would bring forth the fruits of eternal life; "only say with your lips, or at least in your heart, *Viva l'Italia*, and your sanctity is beyond that of St. Stephen or St. Laurence: they died only for the faith, you die for the faith and for your country too; believe in Italy, and I give you absolution in the name of God and of the people." That such horrible profanations of the Sacrament of Penance were really perpetrated by persons of the class we have spoken of seems only too certain; and when a priest, sent by the proper ecclesiastical authorities, came to assist in these hospitals, he was received with scoffs and insults, and not allowed to exercise his holy functions.

But enough of these painful matters: let us conclude our extracts from this interesting volume with an anecdote of a more cheerful character, which will be read with special interest by our friends in the Emerald Isle. The Irish College in Rome displayed, of course, the British flag during the whole period of the troubles, and, like the Scotch and the English, offered a secure asylum to some of the saintly clergy who were special objects of revolutionary hatred. This could not but be suspected by those who knew the characters of their respective Rectors, even if more accurate information had not been obtained, as was only too probable, by means of spies. Accordingly, a party of republicans presented themselves one day at the gates of the Irish College and demanded admittance, un-



der the pretence that certain thieves had secreted themselves about the premises with the intention of plundering during the night. There were in the college at the time at least three Roman ecclesiastics whom these ruffians would gladly have discovered, his Eminence Cardinal Castracane, the saintly Don Vincenzo Pallotta, and Don Pietro Sciamplicotti, the parish-priest of Sta. Maria de' Monti, of whom they were specially in quest. However, it was not thought prudent to refuse admittance, and the soldiers prosecuted their search with all diligence. On entering one of the larger rooms, they found apparently all the students standing together in a group; and, satisfied with the sight, they passed on to another, little dreaming that Cardinal Castracane himself had been in the midst of this very conspicuous group, but expecting rather to find him in some remote corner of the house. By some singular accident, or rather by the over-ruling providence of God, they altogether overlooked the room in which Don V. Pallotta was concealed; whilst in another cell they found a student lying dangerously ill in his bed, and a priest sitting by his side with a stole round his neck and a ritual in his hand, his back turned towards the door, apparently engaged in some spiritual duty; this was no other than Sciamplicotti. The soldiers closed the door, however, and passed on; nor was their search rewarded by a single discovery such as they desired.

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ENGLISH AND FOREIGN HISTORIANS : THE MASSACRE  
OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

- Lectures on the History of France.* 2 vols. By the Right Honourable Sir James Stephen, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Longman : London.
- Civil Wars and Monarchy in France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries : a History of France, principally during that period.* 2 vols. By Leopold Ranke. London : Bentley.
- A Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX.* By Prosper Mérimée. London : Bentley.

HISTORY has got a bad name : it has been called one vast conspiracy against the truth. Nor can we well wonder at it. History has fallen into bad hands and been put to evil uses : it has become the confederate and the tool of the heretic and the infidel. With one important qualification, then, we repeat the

charge; history, *as the world writes it*, is indeed one vast conspiracy against the Church of God; and so wide-spread are its ramifications, and so deep-laid its schemes, that we entertain no hope of its being detected and exposed until the great "day of manifestation." Besides, its author is a person of consummate tact and sagacity. The "father of lies," who is the "god of this world," takes good care that the annals, not only of his own realm, but of the kingdom of heaven on earth, are written by his own friends and disciples, and that the crimes he has induced men to commit are turned to the discredit of the religion against which they were committed. And most effectually has the work been accomplished. It is often matter of wonder to us, as we glance at some popular school-book, or consult some standard manual of reference, or peruse some of those lively memoirs or brilliant historical sketches with which the age abounds, or merely open at random some of those multitudinous volumes, made so tempting to the eye, which fill the shelves and strew the counters of our thriving booksellers,—it is matter to us as well of astonishment as of thankfulness to the Giver of all grace, that any member of the English reading-public should ever have succeeded in disabusing his mind of the prejudices with which from his infancy it had been saturated, and recognising in the begrimed and blood-stained visage of the "Church of Rome," as represented by its satirists, the pure and immortal features of the Bride of Christ.

Yet even history, depraved and lost as it is, seems occasionally to relent and revenge itself on its masters. Or rather, truth is mighty after all, and sometimes prevails even in this world. All heretics are not bigots; and infidels and indifferentists are not wanting in natural honesty, and are often remarkable for intellectual acuteness. Protestants of the Exeter-Hall stamp are of course incorrigible; they have their own readings in history as in Scripture, which set facts no less than reason and common sense at defiance. There "Mumpsimus" ever lives and reigns with a majesty undiminished and a supremacy undisputed. But of late years, not only in France and Germany, but even in Protestant England, men have arisen who fearlessly assailed the august traditions of their fathers; not to mention those whose candid research led them to the very borders of the Catholic Church, and in some cases was rewarded with the gift of faith, who can estimate the services which a Maitland,—honour be to his name!—has rendered to the cause of truth; not only by exposing and overthrowing many a cherished fallacy and falsehood, but by engendering a suspicion in the minds of the thoughtful and con-

scientious, that authorities the most venerable are not always to be trusted, and that in determining critical points of history it is well to go to original sources, and not to commit oneself without reserve to unqualified statements.

But, without doubt, whatever change for the better has been wrought in this respect, is very greatly due to the importation into this country of the works of the more distinguished continental historians, many of which, by a candid and temperate statement of facts, have insensibly removed a vast amount of prejudice and misconception, and introduced quite a new order of ideas among those who read for information and not merely for amusement; the more so because the sympathies of the authors were unmistakably on the Protestant side, and it was plain they were stating in all simplicity what pains-taking research had shown them to be the truth, without a misgiving that they were thereby rendering the most favourable sort of testimony to the religion which Englishmen had been taught to regard with abhorrence and contempt. They have written, in short, like men who sought, not to uphold a party or defend a position, but to publish ascertained facts, whatever they might be, and whatever the consequence of making them known; and the result is that, short-sighted and erroneous—on many points essentially and deplorably so—as their views often are, they have nevertheless succeeded in placing the student of history at a point of observation from which, if he pursues his investigations on the data presented to him, he may, and must if he is true to his principles, get a sight of a whole range of phenomena which are perfectly irreconcilable with the hereditary belief as to the historical relations between Protestantism and the Church.

Of course, the remarks here made are by no means of universal application. There are French writers of history,—or what goes by that name,—who are quite as servile compilers of old used-up materials, and quite as narrow-minded and untrustworthy as any of our Protestant traditionalists; and we have therefore purposely limited our commendation to particular authors of later years. On this subject it is observed by Ranke, whom we might select, as perhaps one of the most remarkable examples of the class we are speaking of, that “the contemporary writings (of the 16th and 17th centuries) carry in their vivid colouring the impress of the moment in which each originated, and are for the most part imbued with the peculiar views of parties or of private individuals. Of the traditional history which has been formed since Mezeray’s time, and the manner in which Sismondi has extended (continued?)



it, learned Frenchmen have long since remarked how insecure the foundation is upon which it is based. In a few instances this traditional authority has been departed from; but it has been on the whole submitted to."

But writers like Ranke not only demolish without remorse the most time-honoured traditions, if they are proved to be false, but they are impatient with conclusions which have been made to rest on inadequate grounds; and more than this, which is a strong protection on the side of truth, they are in no hurry to come to a conclusion because to rule a set of circumstances in this or that way would subserve a particular purpose or suit a particular party, or merely because any conclusion is better than uncertainty, and not to have a definite opinion on some critical point might argue, if not indolence in research, yet want of decision, or deficiency in the power of striking a balance between conflicting testimonies. This we think to be one peculiar characteristic of the writers to whom we refer, more particularly those of Germany. They do not come to a conclusion on what they perceive to be non-sufficient grounds; they weigh the evidence before them, and give their opinion as to which side it inclines; but they are content to wait the accession of fresh data before pronouncing a final judgment. Thus they continue patiently pursuing their researches; and from time to time make known to the public the result so far as they have proceeded, carefully discriminating between what is still doubtful, however probable, and what has been ascertained to be authentic and credible.

These thoughts have been suggested to us by the three works which we have placed at the head of our article, in reference to an event which has been made the foundation of a most monstrous charge against the Pope and the Court of Rome, and indeed against the Catholic Church in general,—the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day, 1572. Few historical questions have been more passionately discussed, or seem less capable of a decisive solution. Was the massacre premeditated or not? If premeditated, for how long a time was the design entertained? Any how, who were its authors? Was the king privy to the intended assassination of Coligny? What part did Charles IX. or the Duke of Guise take in the affair? Did they lead, or did they only follow? What were the immediate causes of the crime? Our readers need not be alarmed; we have no intention of entering into the pros and cons of the question; our only object is to state how the matter at present stands, and that for a purpose which will appear ere we close.

We have said that history sometimes revenges itself, and

we may also say, ludicrously revenges itself, on its betrayers; and the catastrophe of which we are about to speak affords an instance in point. The great English Protestant tradition is bold, and strong, and broad on the subject; it does not mince the matter in the least; it has not a doubt in the world that the horrible deed was premeditated, and the whole plot planned and matured as good as *six* long years before. Why every body knows, or ought to know, that

“A meeting was concerted at Bayonne between Charles and his sister, the Queen of Spain. Catherine accompanied her son; the Duke of Alva attended his mistress. Festivities and gaieties of every kind occupied each day. All apparently respired joy and peace; but the tempest was secretly brewing in the summer sky. A *holy league* was formed (A.D. 1566) between the courts of France and Spain: the glory of God was to be promoted; heresy in the dominions of both was to be extirpated. . . . . (A.D. 1572) The treachery long meditated against the Protestants was now ripe. Charles assumed the appearance of the utmost liberality of sentiment; a marriage was proposed between his sister Margaret and the young king of Navarre. All the great leaders of the Protestants went to Paris to the celebration of it. They were received with smiles and caresses by the king and the queen-mother. All was festivity till the eve of St. Bartholomew (August 24) arrived, when, by the secret orders of the king and the queen-mother, a bloody and indiscriminate massacre of the Protestants commenced.”

So writes Mr. Keightley, following the dominant tradition in his *Outlines of History*; and every staunch thorough-going Protestant to this day repeats the story *verbatim*. Mr. K.'s volume appeared in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia* in the year 1830; in the following year came out the third volume of Sir James Mackintosh's *History of England*, continued from his papers by another hand. Here the whole question was reasoned out, and we think on the whole very fairly; but it is amusing to see that the writer, while maintaining that Charles was privy to the design of assassinating the admiral, and that the massacre was undoubtedly premeditated, distinctly disclaims the statement made by his brother cyclopædist, his elder but by one year, as to the length of time that intervened between the formation of the plot and its execution. “It is not contended,” he says, “that the time, place, and manner were concerted two years beforehand. Nothing more is maintained than that the pacification, the Flemish war project, and the marriage, covered a treacherous design against the Huguenots, and that their extermination was, in pursuance of it, attempted on St. Bartholomew's eve.” This gentleman, therefore, reduces the time during which the idea of the massacre was entertained to the space of *two* years;



four years after the interview at Bayonne, which Mr. Keightley categorically asserts to be the date at which the plot was concerted.

But the progress of reduction does not stop here. Sir James Stephen, who, for all his affected liberality, deals out but a hard measure of justice wherever Catholics are concerned (as we shall presently show), favours a different view of the transaction. After speaking of the pacification of 1570, the projected expedition against Flanders, and the marriage of the young king of Navarre,—the very circumstances which Sir James Mackintosh's continuator contends were but coverings to a treacherous design,—he says: "To ascribe all these acts . . . to the desire of blinding the eyes of the Huguenots to the fate impending over them is an error into which no one will fall who has had to do with public affairs. . . . Doubtless the massacre of St. Bartholomew was a crime committed by Catherine and her sons and her councillors deliberately and with premeditation:" he has no doubt that the massacre was premeditated; but he sees no reason for supposing treachery on the part of Charles or his mother at the time of the pacification. On the contrary, he states the causes which, in his opinion, led to "the departure of Catherine in August 1572 from the policy which in August 1570 had dictated the treaty of St. Germain; and his conclusion is, that "although the methods taken at last to assemble the whole Huguenot aristocracy at Paris, and so bring them within her power, may indicate that she cherished an insidious design against them during some weeks before the actual perpetration of the massacre, we need not suppose it to have been preceded by a deliberate hypocrisy maintained during two whole years of avowed and seeming friendship." Thus he reduces the time of premeditation to "*some weeks* before;" and even this he does not state positively, merely insinuating that the circumstance of assembling the whole Huguenot aristocracy at Paris for the celebration of the marriage,—which, by the way, was a very natural thing to do, considering the marriage was intended as a sort of solemn union between the two parties, and Sir James had a few lines before numbered its celebration among the acts which could not reasonably be imputed to the desire of blinding the eyes of the Protestants,—"*may* indicate that Catherine cherished an insidious design." Any how, the premeditation of six years has, by the manipulation of this triad of historians, dwindled down to a design of "*some weeks*" formation; from all which this at least is sufficiently apparent, that nothing as yet has been conclusively ascertained concerning the origin of



the massacre; and certainly it is very far from having been positively demonstrated that the deed was premeditated, as the popular Protestant tradition so stoutly asserts.

But what if there were no plot after all; and the massacre were the result, not of policy and premeditation, but of a sudden popular rising? This is the position taken up by M. Prosper Mérimée, a writer any thing but friendly to the Church, and the author of several historical and quasi-historical works, which have been favourably received in this country. The work from which we are about to quote, though entitled a "Chronicle," is, in fact, a romance; and that, as we took occasion to observe in our last, of a very objectionable character; and we draw attention to it only for the sake of the preface, which contains some pertinent remarks on the subject of this article, as well as on the way in which history is commonly written and read. We should premise that he starts by saying he had just been reading a large number of memoirs and pamphlets relating to the end of the 16th century, so that he comes to the subject with a mind fresh from the study of the times.

"Have the causes," he asks, "which led to this massacre been fairly understood? Was it the result of long previous meditation, or of a sudden determination, or of chance? To all these questions no existing historian gives me any satisfactory answers. They admit as proofs popular rumours and pretended conversations, which have very little weight when one has to decide an historical point of such importance. Some make Charles IX. a prodigy of dissimulation; others represent him as peevish, whimsical, and impatient. If at any time previous to the 24th of August he burst into threats against the Protestants, it is a proof that he had long been meditating their ruin; if he caresses them, it is a proof that he was dissembling his real intentions. . . . For my own part, I am firmly convinced that the massacre was not premeditated; and I cannot conceive why the opposite opinion should have been adopted by authors who, at the same time, agree in representing Catherine as a very wicked woman, it is true, but as one of the profoundest politicians of the age in which she lived."

He then gives his reasons for the view he entertains, which, though they do not *prove* that no conspiracy existed, suggest, it must be confessed, strong grounds for believing the contrary. He concludes by saying:

"Every thing seems to me to prove that this great massacre was not the result of a conspiracy of a king against a portion of his people. It appears to me to have been the consequence of a popular insurrection, which could not have been foreseen, and which was altogether extemporaneous and unpremeditated."

On the whole, he is decidedly of opinion that neither the king nor the queen-mother were the instigators of the slaughter, nor had any previous knowledge of the matter. Whether the Duke of Guise was the author, at the king's suggestion or with his consent, of the attempt on the admiral's life, or whether he had really any part in the affair, he is unable to decide; but he inclines to the belief that the duke was induced to get Coligny assassinated, or was afterwards publicly charged by the king, who wished to get rid both of him and the admiral, with the attempt; and that being "banished from court, and menaced by the king as well as by the Protestants, he was obliged to look to the people for help. He calls together the leaders of the burgher guard, tells them of a conspiracy on the part of the heretics, exhorts them to exterminate them before their designs are ripe, and *then only* the massacre is thought of." He gives this simply as his opinion, a "supposition" and nothing more; for, like all who have looked into the facts of the case and do not write for an object, he considers sufficient data are wanting for solving the riddle.

And so the question rests, and in all probability will continue to rest until the day of doom. Ranke does not pretend to have made up his mind about it. With regard to the meeting at Bayonne mentioned above, he is of opinion that a proposal was made by some of the Catholic nobles for assassinating certain of the chiefs of the Huguenot faction; but declares it to be "a great error to believe that either the young king or the queen-mother was a party to their designs, or that the plan, as concerted, was to be executed by them," or had any thing to say to the massacre. He gives in a note the "natural history" of the tradition. As to the massacre itself, he balances the evidence for and against premeditation on Catherine's part; the king he considers to have been sincere in his conduct to Coligny personally, and to the Huguenots generally; but hesitates to decide one way or the other. That she had been for years preparing for the catastrophe, he is far from thinking; and yet, on the other hand, he is not prepared to admit that it was the effect of a momentary fit of rage. As one of the two views he propounds, and to which, on the whole, he seems himself to lean, happens to fall in with that we had been led ourselves to adopt, we will give it partly in our own way, and partly in the words of his narrative so far as they suit our purpose. It is in the main, we may remark, the view which Dr. Lingard took in his controversy with Allen, and which was so singularly confirmed by the letters written in cipher to the Pope by Salviati, nuncio at the

French court at the time of the massacre; and which were discovered by M. Châteaubriand in the library of the Vatican while it was at Paris. But we must first introduce our readers to the two most prominent personages of the time, and, as most people would say, the principal actors in the great tragedy, Catherine of Medicis and her son Charles IX. We will avail ourselves of the services of M. Mérimée as our master of ceremonies, than whom we could not have a better. The description occurs in an amusing episode, which he entitles "A Dialogue between the Reader and the Author."

"Picture to yourself," he says, "a young man tolerably well made, with his head somewhat buried between his shoulders; he stretches his neck forward with a good deal of awkwardness; his nose is rather large, his lips are long and thin, and the upper one projects a good deal; his complexion is wan, and his great green eyes never look at the person to whom he is speaking. By the way, you can't read in his eyes the words SAINT BARTHOLOMEW, or any thing of the kind. In fact, there is nothing at all written in them; only their expression is rather stupid and restless than stern and fierce. You will form a pretty correct idea of him if you fancy a young man entering alone into a large drawing-room, in which every one else is seated. He walks through a double line of well-dressed ladies, who become silent when he passes. Treading on the dress of one, and jostling the chair of another, he has great difficulty in making his way to the lady of the house; and then only he perceives that, as he got down from his carriage at the door of the house, the sleeve of his coat rubbed against the wheel, and became covered with mud. Perhaps you may never have seen the face of any one in such a position. Then take another supposition: Did you ever catch a glimpse of your own face in a glass, before practice had rendered you equal to the task of entering a room?"

"And Catherine de Medici?"

"Catherine de Medici! Deuce take it! I had quite forgotten her. I hope I have now written her name for the last time. She is a fat woman, still in her bloom, and, as the saying is, rather good-looking for her age; with a large nose and pinched lips, like some one suffering a first attack of sea-sickness. Her eyes are half-closed; she yawns at every moment; her voice is monotonous, and she says in the same tone, 'Ah! who will rid me of that odious Béarnaise?' and 'Madeline, give some sugared milk to my Italian greyhound.'"

"Very good! But make her utter some more remarkable words than these. She has just poisoned Jeanne d'Albert; at least public report says so, and that ought to appear."

"Not at all; for if that did appear, where would be her celebrated dissimulation? On the day in question, moreover, I am credibly informed she spoke about nothing but the weather."

This is true portrait-painting, and we wish our author had



given us more of the same kind. However, now for Ranke's graver narrative, which we will give, as we have said, partly in our own words and partly in those of the author, or rather the translator. Catherine's earliest recollections carried her back, not to days of infancy such as most other princesses remembered when they grew up in peace, surrounded with every watchful solicitude, but to scenes of the fiercest religious and political animosity. As a fatherless and motherless orphan, she was placed in a convent at Florence; but the nuns took part for and against her, so that it was found necessary to remove her from it; she passed through its doors weeping violently, for she feared she was going to be put to death. She was doomed, however, to live, and to spend her life, not as an Italian, but as a French princess; and in the country of her adoption her intellect and her destiny led her on from step to step in a continual ascent to power. At one time she was in danger of being repudiated for being childless by her husband; but her readiness to suffer all that might fall upon her,—either to retire to a convent or to remain at court, in order to wait upon the more fortunate wife who should succeed her,—disarmed all antipathy. At length she had children; but still, excluded from all affairs, she appeared to live only for her husband, her attendants, and a few personal favourites. For processions, dances, and plays she possessed a naturally inventive faculty, and was the very soul of every festivity; after the fashion of the time she also took part in manly recreations; she was esteemed amiable, ingenious, and affable, and those who listened to her discourse were pleased and instructed. She said in after times that nothing lay then upon her heart but the love of her husband, and that her sole anxiety was that she was not beloved by him as she desired; when he was absent from the court during his campaigns she wore mourning. She believed herself to possess the power of second sight, and that she was made aware beforehand, either by an apparition or by a dream, of every misfortune which befell any member of her family; she even stated that she had had a warning of the fatal accident which deprived her of her husband in the tournament. She would never afterwards enter the place where it was held; and her carriage took a round whenever it was necessary to pass that way.

Such is Catherine's picture while she remained in private life; a flattering one we should say, with a few of the darker shades omitted; but with the accession of her second son to the throne her public and political career began. In her earlier years she is said to have had an inclination for Protestantism,

and it is possible she may have had her fits of heterodoxy, like other fashionable ladies of an infamously immoral court; but she was astute enough to see that politically it would be but an unprofitable speculation. "Catholicism," she said, "is the religion of kings and states;" this was her creed. For religion in itself she cared just nothing at all, except so far as it could be made subservient to the interests of government. Whatever faith she retained was overlaid with a superstitious curiosity about the mysterious and the marvellous. On one of the towers of her castle at Blois a pavilion is pointed out which was used by her astrologer for his observations. She has been charged with favouring a school of atheism then founded at the French court, which doubted of the immortality of the soul, but attributed unbounded power to the heavenly intelligences and the influence of demons. Amulets are also exhibited, which are said to have been worn by her, composed of human blood, and inscribed with talismanic characters.

Continuous and even violent exercise was absolutely necessary to her: she rode to the chase by the side of men; and after daringly following the game through brakes and thickets, gave herself without restraint to the pleasures of the table. At the same time she was indefatigably occupied with affairs of state, and artfully prepared the way for the secure possession of that absolute authority at which she aimed. She favoured the Protestant party so long as it suited her purpose, and as a counterpoise to the influence of the Guises, whose power she dreaded. She hoped, by equalising these antagonistic forces, to steady herself on the height to which she was gradually ascending. She felt the shock of opposing interests all about her; but herself, like a rock in the surging waves, remained to all appearance impassive and unmoved. In her own chamber she was transported with anger and grief; but when the hour of audience arrived, she dried her tears, and appeared with a pleasant countenance. Her maxim was, to let every one depart contented; but whilst she seemed to give a prompt and decisive answer, men felt that her real intention was hidden in her heart. No one trusted her, and she trusted no one. Power, rule, was the one object for which she lived. She said herself, that if the burden of government had not been laid upon her head, she would still have dragged it after her. She cared not what means she used, so that she gained her end. For the precepts of morality she had no respect, although she found no pleasure in vice for its own sake. Human life had no value in her eyes.

After the peace of 1570, Catherine was sincere in her



efforts to bring about a reconciliation ; and was glad to see her children identify themselves with the various parties in the state. On the success of the alliances they formed she nursed great projects in her mind. Her sons and daughters felt they were being used for purposes deeper than they could fathom ; they were disunited among themselves, and did not love their mother, yet were always ruled by her. So far all had seemed to go well ; but one thing troubled her, and that was the growing intimacy and confidence between Charles and Coligny, and the ascendancy which the latter was gaining over the mind of the young monarch. She complained that her son saw the admiral too frequently, and herself too seldom. Should Coligny gain the ear of the king, he would become as intolerable to her as ever Francis Duke of Guise had been. Coligny was now the sole leader of the Huguenots ; his power was unbounded, almost irresponsible ; his party supplied him with whatever resources he required ; it was said of him, that he could raise a better army in four days than the king in four months. And this man had opposed and thwarted her at every turn ; once he was all but in her power ; but he had proved too strong for her, and had compelled her to consent to peace. Had he not opposed her regency ? Had he not attempted on more than one occasion to get the whole court and her own person into his hands ? She did not hate him merely, she lived in dread of him ; and now he was pushing her from her seat of power, and, by her son's weak compliances, assuming the government of the realm. It was time she should be rid of him.

The marriage between her daughter Margaret and Henry of Navarre had been proposed, not by Catherine, but by the peace-loving Montmorency ; so that even if Catherine really had formed any design against the Protestant leaders, the nuptials were not contrived with any view to its perpetration ; and many circumstances show that she was sincere in her desire of the alliance. Paris, however, was filled with the adherents of both parties ; the Huguenots assembled in great numbers to witness the solemnity, which, in condescension to their prejudices, took place in a temporary building adjoining the cathedral. Catherine's fears and jealousies had grown beyond endurance ; she resolved to quiet them for ever. She took into her counsels the widow of the Duke of Guise, who had been assassinated, if not at the suggestion, yet with the approval of Coligny. The two women, heeding nothing but the dictates of their passions, bound themselves together to procure his destruction ; and made their sons, the one the Duke of Anjou, and the other the Duke of Guise, parties to the de-



sign. The most extravagant plans were proposed. Young Guise was of opinion that his mother should shoot the admiral with her own hand, while he was in the court-circle among the ladies; for in those times ladies learnt the use of fire-arms in the chase. At length the murderous enterprise was intrusted to a person upon whom they could rely, who concealed himself in a house belonging to an adherent of the Guises, and waited till the admiral rode by. He was in his way from the council when the shot was fired, and was indebted for his life to an accidental movement which he made at the instant; but the bullet struck him in the hand and arm. Every one attributed the attempt to the private vengeance of the Guises, and the king publicly threatened them with punishment.

The intended victim had escaped: this was torment enough for Catherine; but this was not all: suspicion, indeed, had been directed to one who, next to the admiral, was the object of her deepest jealousy; but it was not long before it fixed itself on the real originator of the crime. Expressions came to her ears in the evening at supper; probably in her alarm she exaggerated their import; but they brought her terrors to a crisis. The very danger she was in excited her to fresh deeds of blood and violence. The Huguenots were in her hands; she had but to will it, and they were destroyed. On the instant she summons her partisans about her, communicates her fears, rapidly gathers their opinion, and going at once to Charles's cabinet, urges him to strike while he has his enemies in the snare. Now for the first time he learns that his mother and his brother had a share in the attack on the admiral; he is reminded of Charry, his friend and preceptor, treacherously put to death by the latter's command, of his own threat of revenge which he had vowed never to abandon, of the perils with which he was environed; that he was surrounded by traitors; war was preparing, a plot had been formed, his life was in danger, he must slay or be slain. Yet Charles would not yield; to sacrifice friends who had spent this very evening with him jesting and talking,—the thought was too horrible! Coligny, La Rochefoucauld must be spared. Catherine insisted, plied him with scorn and entreaty, threatened to fly from the court and leave him to his fate; at last she taunted him with cowardice: this Charles could not brook; he consented; and with all the natural vivacity of his character, ordered the immediate execution of the measure.

Late that evening Charron, Prévôt des Marchands, and Marcel, his predecessor in office, were secretly summoned to the Louvre. Marcel was asked, supposing the king, in an emergency, required the aid of the populace of Paris, upon

how many could he reckon? Marcel answered, that that would depend on the time allowed him for assembling them; that in a month he could have 100,000 men ready. But how many in a week? He named a proportionate number. And this very night, how many? He thought 20,000, or perhaps more. These inquiries were made, not so much because any lack of agents was apprehended, but from a fear of an armed resistance. Charron was charged to summon the citizens to arms in their several quarters, and to close the gates.—Here we must stop; yet one incident, with which Ranke closes his narrative, is too remarkable to be omitted.

For some time after, the minds of men were filled with wild fantasies, which made them afraid of themselves, and caused the very elements to appear fraught with terror. Charles IX., about eight days after the massacre, sent for his brother-in-law Henry in the middle of the night. The latter found him as he had sprung out of bed, horror-struck at a wild hubbub of confused voices which prevented him from sleeping. Henry himself imagined he heard the sounds; they appeared like distant shrieks and yells mingled with the indistinguishable roar of a furious multitude, and with groans and curses, as on the day of the massacre. Messengers were sent into the city to ascertain whether any new tumult had broken out; but the answer returned was, that all was quiet in the city, and that the commotion was in the air. Henry could never recall this incident without a horror that made his hair stand on end.

The remembrance of the frightful carnage seems to have haunted Charles for the rest of his days, and to have filled him with terror and remorse, not unmingled with shame. Ranke thus describes his character and his miserable end:

“ In his earlier years he had excited much sympathy. He appeared to be a good-tempered, interesting, and generous youth; and showed a taste for poetry and music. For the purpose of invigorating his weak frame various kinds of physical exercise were thought necessary; and to these he gave himself up almost passionately. A smith's forge was erected for him; and it gave him pleasure to be found there, bathed in sweat, while he was at work at a suit of armour. He often rose and took horse at midnight in order to ride to the chase, and thought it the greatest honour if he could excel every one in his bodily exercises. The consequence of this, however, was, that little was done for the education of his intellect, and nothing for the formation of his morals. To reflect on the affairs of state, in which nothing could be done without him, or to devote any thing like earnest attention to them, was not in his nature. His passion, when excited, vented itself in a storm of wild imprecations.

“ But the natural vehemence of disposition which he cherished was capable of receiving another direction amidst the passionate impulses of the religious and political parties by which he was surrounded; and thus even the friends and companions in whose intercourse he had found pleasure appeared to him as his most dangerous enemies. Thus, after some slight resistance, he allowed himself, in an evil hour, to be seduced to the commission of that deed which has consigned his memory to the hatred and execration of succeeding ages. He himself was never entirely free from its effects; he felt conscious that he was regarded as a man of a bad heart, in whom slumbered an indomitable savageness. It was remarked that he never looked any one straight in the face; in his audiences he generally kept his eyes shut, and when he opened them he directed them upwards, and immediately afterwards cast them down upon the ground. He now, for the first time, communicated his intention of beginning himself to reign, and to be king in reality; but it was too late. The violent gusts of passion to which he gave way, and which were followed by corresponding depression of spirits; the distraction caused by conspiracies which were continually discovered round him; the excessive and continued efforts of a body otherwise weak and full of corrupt humours, led to an early death on the 30th of May, 1574, before he had concluded his four-and-twentieth year. He had never, in fact, awoke from the intoxication of passion and excitement to a full self-consciousness, nor ever emancipated himself from his mother. A few hours before he expired he appointed her regent till the return of his brother from Poland; his last word was, ‘ My mother ! ’ ”

Our object has been, not to describe the circumstances of the massacre, but to show, on Ranke’s authority, how it was brought about; and in doing this we were not without an ulterior purpose. Certain Protestant writers have declared, or insinuated, that the Pope was privy to the plot, and even advised, or at least approved it before it was executed. It is hardly necessary to say that they do not adduce a single fact, or show ground for one probable presumption, in support of so hideous a charge. In short, it is just one of those numerous calumnies which Protestant malevolence has invented, and Protestant prejudice delights to perpetuate, against the Pope and the Catholic Church. However, this at least is very plain; if Protestant writers of credit and research are of opinion that it is impossible to decide on existing data that the massacre itself was premeditated, and many most adverse to the Catholic side are “ firmly convinced ” that it was not, it follows, of course, that the charge against the Pope rests, to say the least, on the same problematical ground; and thus the whole matter is removed from the region of wild and fierce invective into the peaceful fields of historical inquiry, a



change of position extremely embarrassing and vexatious to those who have a zeal in upholding the established traditions of this great Protestant country.

However, we may get some notion of the value to be set on the inferences which Protestant writers have drawn, from a few chance words, very difficult to interpret, which occur in the correspondence of the time,—when every sort of contradictory rumour was afloat, and, except to the initiated few, facts were as little or less known than they are at the present day,—from the construction they have put on a single circumstance, which is capable not only of a distinct solution, but of one only natural and reasonable explanation. Granted, say they, that the Pope was not expressly informed of the intended massacre, yet he approved the horrible deed of blood after it was perpetrated; nay he exulted in it, gloried in it, made it the subject of public rejoicings, and of impious thanksgivings to the great God of heaven for the signal *mercy* which had been vouchsafed. Listen, for instance, to no less a personage than the learned “Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge,” speaking *ex cathedra* with all the solemnity and responsibility of his high position :

“It is for the credit of us all not to exaggerate the darkness of a crime which has left so foul and indelible a disgrace upon our common nature.” [Observe his moderation, and yet the high moral tone of indignation with which he writes.] “For, horrible as was the act itself, the subsequent celebration of it was even yet more revolting. Pope Gregory XIII. and his cardinals went in procession to the church of St. Mark, not to deprecate in sackcloth and ashes the Divine vengeance on a guilty people” [here we looked at the title-page to convince ourselves that Sir James was not “Right Reverend” as well as “Right Honourable,” so much did his manner impress us], “but ‘to render solemn thanksgiving to God, the infinitely great and good (such is the contemporary record), for the great mercy which He had vouchsafed to the See of Rome and to the whole Christian world.’ A picture of the massacre was added to the embellishments of the Vatican; and, by the Pontiff’s order, a golden medal was struck, to commemorate to all ages the triumph of the Church over her enemies.”

The explanation is simple enough. On the evening of the 24th, Charles IX. had it proclaimed through the metropolis, that the massacre was the work of the Guises; and that, so far from countenancing the deed, he should strenuously unite with the king of Navarre and the prince of Condé in avenging the death of “his cousin the admiral.” The Guises, however, were not at all disposed to be made the scapegoats on the occasion, and refused to let the odium of the crime be thrown

on them. The king then was driven to adopt some other plan, and on the 26th he boldly, and indeed boastingly, declared in full parliament that what had been done had been done at his command; and took credit to himself for having by his prompt and decisive measures defeated a murderous conspiracy, which had for its object the massacre of himself and the whole royal family, the entire revolution of the kingdom, and the extermination of the Catholic faith. The parliament congratulated their young monarch on his happy deliverance from so great a peril; and the president delivered an elaborate panegyric on the sagacity and skill he had manifested in so desperate an emergency. An inquiry was forthwith instituted into the circumstances; several prosecutions followed, in which the accused suffered death for their part in the supposed conspiracy; there was a solemn procession in the streets of Paris, headed by the king in person; and medals were struck for the everlasting remembrance of the thing. These facts, which we have taken from the writer in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* before alluded to, are incontestable. Whatever else be doubtful, it is certain matter of history that the declaration here given was made by the king and accepted by the parliament, and thus became the publicly-recognised account of the affair.

Now this account it was which was formally embodied in the notification dispatched by the king to Rome and all the courts of Europe. On the 26th of September,—there were no railways or steam-boats in those days,—Pope Gregory XIII., whose election to the pontificate had just taken place, was officially informed that the king and royal family of France had escaped a horrible conspiracy, and that its authors had been condignly punished. From the discourse pronounced on the occasion by the envoy extraordinary, it appears that not a word was said of the indiscriminate slaughter that had taken place. On the contrary, it was announced in a rhetorical way that on that “memorable night, by the destruction of a few seditious men, the king had been delivered from immediate danger of death, and the realm from the perpetual terror of civil war.”\* This it was for which the court of Rome rejoiced and returned God thanks; not for a massacre, but for the detection and suppression of a bloody conspiracy: a legitimate and righteous cause of pious congratulation in the eyes of every reasonable man, and worthy certainly of the approbation of every member of that national establish-

\* “In noctem illam memorabilem, quæ paucorum seditiosorum interitu, regem a præsentis cædis periculo, regnum a perpetuâ civilium bellorum formidine liberavit.” Murati Oratio xxii. p. 177, op. ed. Rulinpenii, cited by Nicolas, *De Protestantisme dans son rapport avec le Socialisme*, p. 296.

ment which instituted a solemn "form of thanksgiving, to be used yearly upon the 5th day of November, for the happy deliverance of King James I. and the three estates of England from the most traitorous and bloody intended massacre by gunpowder." But more than this, all Catholic Christendom might well rejoice at the defeat and ruin of the Huguenot faction, and the solid peace which it was hoped would result therefrom to France. Who could be unmindful of the frightful wars with which that fair country had so long been devastated, the plots, the surprises, the bloody massacres, and, above all, the horrible impieties and outrages of which the Huguenots had been guilty; and, on the other hand, the cruel reprisals and other scandalous crimes, almost inseparable from warfare, which the Catholics, infuriated to madness, had committed; the injury done to religion, and the utter demoralisation of the people, by the constant scenes of violence amidst which they lived, or in which they were forced to take a part? Well, then, might the court of Rome and the whole Church rejoice at the termination of evils and disasters such as these. And yet amidst the universal exultation there was one whose eyes were moist with tears, and whose heart refused to be comforted, and that was Gregory himself. "Alas!" he cried, "how can I be sure that many innocent souls have not suffered with the guilty?"

Dispassionate and candid historians,\* however strong their Protestant sympathies may be, have shrunk from repeating an imputation so unjust and unfounded, and in some cases have even disclaimed it in express terms. We have, therefore, the less hesitation in saying that, considering the position which Sir James Stephen occupies, and the character he affects, we are at a loss which most to admire,—the carelessness of research which could leave him ignorant of the undoubted facts of history to which we have referred, or the shameless bigotry which could impel him wilfully to suppress them, and to ground so monstrous a charge on what was susceptible of a very simple and obvious interpretation.

Sir James is a type of his class. He repeats his lesson like a dull "good boy" with a retentive memory. What he learnt in the nursery and the school-room, he promulgates now from his professorial chair. It is the old trite worn-out thing furbished up afresh, the old street-cry, varied in form but never in matter, "Barnacles, clocks, watches!—watches,

\* Ranke incidentally remarks, that Catherine left Paris with her son to avoid meeting the Papal legate, who arrived just after the massacre; a clear proof that she was afraid of the truth coming out, or, at any rate, was conscious that the affair would be anything but favourably regarded by that functionary.



clocks, barnacles !” He never travels out of the range of the old family traditions. He is guided by prejudices, not by principles. Of independent inquiry he has not a notion. History with him means, not a narrative of true facts, but a reproduction of the great national legends.

Ranke, with all his faults, is eminently the reverse of all this. Of course, being a Protestant, he writes like a Protestant ; his hereditary prejudices and individual opinions, whether religious or political, insensibly bias and necessarily distort the views he takes, and affect his general estimate of persons and things. In this sense, therefore, we are far from recommending him as a thoroughly trustworthy historian. We should say, for instance, that he shows very little appreciation of the motives by which the Popes were actuated in their opposition to the new doctrines, and the usurpations of the secular power ; and that he very inadequately recognises the exasperating character of the enormities committed by the Huguenots. That he should be but little sensitive to their impieties, is perhaps only natural in one who has no belief in the holiest mysteries of the faith ; it should be remembered, moreover, in his excuse, that it forms no part of his object to enter into details of this kind. Warped, then, indubitably his ideas and conclusions are by the rule by which he measures events ; but events themselves he (intentionally) neither conceals nor tampers with ; he does his best to state facts as they really happened : he seizes, and succeeds in transferring to his pages, that broad general colouring which cannot fail to strike an observant, however uncritical eye ; and which therefore, in the main, leaves them their due effect. We should say, however, that events and persons seem to pass before him like moving shadows in a mirror, rather than as living and substantial forms, and that he simply records the impressions he receives ; yet with all this he is possessed of an idea\* towards which his facts converge. The consequence is, that he is always readable, always suggestive, even where he fails in being striking or effective. However much you differ from him in results, you have a confidence in him as a faithful relater of facts ; you feel that at least he has taken pains to acquaint himself with the real circumstances of the case, and has no private object in view. What we most desiderate in him is elevation of tone ; he scarcely ever passes a moral judgment on persons or actions : but even this is a guarantee of

\* We are not writing a general review of Mr. Ranke's volumes, or we might observe that, though calling itself a "history," the work partakes rather of the character of an historical essay, as he scarcely touches upon any facts but such as illustrate his leading idea.

his trustworthiness as a narrator; for he is seldom betrayed into a harsh or a strong expression towards those whom he must cordially dislike, and whose conduct is really worthy of all reprobation. We have been particularly struck with this in the work we have noticed, relating as it does to a subject which, more than any other, is calculated to inflame the passions of a partisan, and to confuse his natural sense of justice—the religious wars of the sixteenth century.

Oh, for an honest narrator of facts, who, with power to command attention, and from a position whence he can be heard, would unfold to the multitude a plain and unvarnished tale! For ourselves, we desire something more. We desire to see history written in a true philosophic spirit, under the guidance of Catholic principles; we desire to see facts not only recorded, but interpreted. But while this is denied us,—for the present and for the million, let us have the *genuine* facts, and *all* the facts, clearly and impartially stated: we shall be well content to await the result.

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#### DR. CAHILL'S LETTER ON TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

*Letter of the Rev. Dr. Cahill to the Rev. J. Burns, Protestant Minister, Whitehaven; December 7th, 1853. Published in the "Whitehaven Herald."*

IN our last Number we offered our readers some remarks on the various means of which we can avail ourselves for the conversion of Protestants; and we specified certain instruments of conversion, which, as it appears to us, are applicable to the few, but not to the many. Dr. Cahill's letter to Mr. Burns, of Whitehaven, supplies an example of one particular mode of attempting the conversion of unbelievers, which we did not then specify, because happily it is rare amongst us; and further, because its demerits must be patent to all but the most superficial observers. The letter before us, however, presents so striking an illustration of the perils of platform and newspaper controversy, that it is impossible altogether to pass it over without comment. In thus remarking upon Dr. Cahill's treatment of the awful doctrine which is the subject of his epistle, we shall endeavour to restrain our own language within the closest limits of moderation of which the case will allow, both from respect to Dr. Cahill's sacred office, and from a sense of the deep importance of the questions involved. We must, however, candidly acknowledge that it is with feelings

of real shame and distress that we have seen the statements contained in this letter sent by their author to the columns of a Protestant newspaper, with the professed object of expounding the consistency and rationality of the Catholic faith, in prominent contrast with the absurdities and self-contradictions of Protestant heresies. Of the general tone and style of the letter we need say but a few words. Any thing more unfortunately chosen as a means of winning the ignorant or the unbelieving to the faith of the Church, we can scarcely conceive. The devout and charitable Catholic, who, for the sake of the cause defended by the writer, might be disposed to overlook defects produced by the zeal of an advocate, could feel nothing but pain and wonder at Dr. Cahill's words;—what, then, must be the impression produced on the minds of those who will make no allowances; who are disposed beforehand to account us ignorant, crafty, and irreverent; and who, while blind to the follies and inconsistencies of their own opinions, would exact from Catholics an almost superhuman measure of learning, acuteness, and self-command? We can only say, that we would not for the world that this letter should be seen by any Protestant friend or acquaintance who was in any degree awakened to a sense of the delusions in which he had been educated, and was turning a wistful eye towards the Catholic religion as the one, true, and holy faith given by Almighty God to man.

Take, for instance, the astounding assertion, that he “would prefer that a Catholic should read *the worst books of immorality*” than the Protestant Bible! If any of our readers have not already seen Dr. Cahill's letter, they will lift up their hands in astonishment, and question the accuracy of our quotation; nevertheless, we assure them that we are giving the exact words. Conceive, then, the effect of such a statement on the readers of the newspaper for which this letter was specially written. What story of Catholic wickedness will they not henceforth believe? What tale of priestly licentiousness will from this time be too monstrous for their credulity? The Protestant Bible has abundance of errors, it is true, and some of them of very serious importance; but is it not a violation of all common sense and decency, to pretend that a Catholic had better read the filthy productions of obscenity than the book in which these mistranslations occur? Is there a priest in the United Kingdom who would bear out Dr. Cahill in such a notion? Would not all with one accord denounce it as a perfect portent in the domain of morals and casuistry? We do not believe that Dr. Cahill himself would *act* on what he says. We do not believe that he would see a Catholic reading



an obscene publication with more equanimity than he would see him reading the Protestant Bible. He is carried away by the excitement of newspaper controversy, and is betrayed into exaggerations which in other moments he would be eager to condemn. This single passage alone in his letter is a proof of the perils with which newspaper and platform contests on religious subjects are surrounded. We do not say that such subjects ought never to find their way into the columns of a Protestant journal, or that controversial discussions on theological topics ought never to be undertaken in public; but universal experience bears us out in alleging that such modes of treating the most sacred and delicate of subjects are rarely useful; and that, when they are undertaken, they require a sound head, a cool judgment, a disciplined temper, a prudent tongue, a contempt for clap-trap, and a desire to convince opponents rather than to elicit the applause of indiscriminating admirers.

What, then, must we think of the snares which beset the "popular" controversialist when we turn to the next paragraphs of Dr. Cahill's letter, in which he asserts that the miracle of Transubstantiation is "a very common occurrence with God, and may be called *one of the most general laws of nature?*" Again we say that we acquit him of *intending* any thing approaching to that which his words imply. He is carried away by that unfortunate desire to bring down the ineffable mysteries of faith to the level of human capacities, which is the bane of some minds; and which has here led him into statements which, viewed merely as rhetorical illustrations, are inaccurate and worthless, but if looked upon as declarations of Catholic doctrine, are shocking to the last degree. Led on by the desire of confounding his adversary, he is like a boy playing at snowballs, who mingles dirt and stones with the pure snow, in order to hit his antagonist the harder blows. While heaping upon the head of this Mr. Burns every epithet of scorn and contempt for his stupidity, his ignorance, and his "untheological" blunders, he proceeds to put forth the following exposition of the doctrine of Transubstantiation:

"Transubstantiation, though a stupendous mysterious fact, and beyond the power of men, is yet, Sir, a very common occurrence with God; and, indeed, may be called one of the most general laws of nature, and may be seen amongst the very first evidences of His omnipotent will towards the race of men on earth. Firstly, then, He created man by changing 'the slime of the earth' into the flesh and bones of Adam, in His first official act of Transubstantiation, that is, by the word of God on matter. His second official act of changing the bony rib of Adam into the flesh and blood of Eve was also

Transubstantiation by the word of God the Father on bone. The first official act of Christ, on entering on the three years of His mission, was performed when He changed water into wine at the wedding of Cana, by the word of Christ on water. The food, Sir (that is, the bread and wine), which you and all men may have eaten on this day, has been changed into flesh and blood on your own person, and on the persons of all men, by the word of God on the vital action of the stomach. The universal crop of wood, and grasses, and flowers, and vegetables, and human and animal food, which the earth annually produces, is an annual evidence of Transubstantiation by the word of God the Father on the productive energy of the entire earth. The hat on your head, the silk in your cravat, the linen on your back, the cloth of your wearing-apparel, the wool or cotton in your stockings, the leather in your boots, the Whitehaven coals in your grates, the gas in your lamps, the bread, the butter, the cream, the sugar, the tea-leaf on your breakfast-table, the mutton, the beef, the bacon, the fowl, the wine, the brandy, the ale on your dinner-table,—in short, almost every object the eye beholds on earth, is one vast aggregate of evidence of Transubstantiation by the word of God on matter. Even the paper of your spurious Bible, the leather on the back, the Indian-ink, are such evidences of Transubstantiation, that one can scarcely conceive how you could read that very Bible without being burned with scalding shame at the stark-naked nonsense and incongruous maniasm you have written to me on the subject. God has supplied us, during four thousand years, with this mighty, universal, constant evidence, in order to prepare us for the more mighty, infinitely more stupendous evidence of the same principle in the new law, by the power and the word of Christ."

Whether the perusal of this exposition of an unfathomable mystery will make the Protestant Mr. Burns *burn with scalding shame at the stark-naked nonsense and incongruous maniasm* which he has written to Dr. Cahill, we do not pretend to decide. But of this we are sure, that little as he may have hitherto known of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, he will now be more utterly confounded than ever in his speculations concerning it. For ourselves, we would ask Dr. Cahill whether he really means to insinuate that the change produced by the consecration of the sacramental elements is of the same nature as the chemical changes to which he has likened it; a mere natural growth from one form to another, an aggregation of additional particles of matter to an original substratum? He cannot mean it. We will not wrong him for a moment by the supposition. Why, then, does he employ this series of most profane and irreverent illustrations? Nay, why does he actually reiterate the very term "Transubstantiation" itself to describe the process of digestion, the growth of plants, and the works of the factory, the kitchen, and the brew-house?



Is this a fit subject for rhetorical exaggeration and preposterous metaphor? Is this transcendent mystery of divine love to be presented to unbelieving eyes under the guise of illustrations which, if they have any meaning at all, are equivalent to an assertion that no real transubstantiation takes place in the consecrated elements? The very word itself was created by Catholic theology, to express the annihilation of one substance and the substitution of another, the original "accidents" (the only portions of matter which, as far as we know, are cognisable by the senses) remaining unaltered. But, not to dwell on the first illustrations in the foregoing extract, bad as they are, what is the "change" that takes place in the digestion of food, in the growth of plants, and in the processes of human manufacture? In these there is no annihilation of one substance and substitution of another. Nothing is destroyed; modifications are made in the chemical relationship of the various substances of which the human body, our food, and the whole earth, are composed. To call these changes transubstantiation is false, dangerous, and to our minds nothing less than profane.

Setting aside, moreover, the theological bearings of Dr. Cahill's language, as an argumentative illustration of the mystery of the Real Presence it is worthless, and can serve only to mislead. The wonder of Transubstantiation is this, that while the substance is changed, the visible and tangible accidents remain. How, then, does it assist faith, to compare this supernatural condition of a visible object with natural changes, in which the substance remains and the accidents are changed? The difficulty to human reason in the Catholic doctrine is *the non-alteration in the accidents*. In all chemical changes the accidents *are* more or less altered, and heretical unbelief asserts that no transubstantiation can take place without such alteration; and Dr. Cahill's illustrations will serve to confirm such unbelief. Protestants will reiterate their assertion that the whole doctrine is unmitigated nonsense, and that Catholics themselves do not know what they mean. Catholics, on the other hand, will reply to such illustrations, that they are in direct violation of the injunctions and declarations of the Catechism of the Council of Trent, in which we are taught that *we have no example of the change wrought by Transubstantiation, either in natural changes or in the creation of things*. "*Illud sæpissime a sanctis Patribus repetitum fideles admonendi sunt, ne curiosius inquirant, quo pacto ea mutatio fieri possit. Nec enim percipi à nobis potest, nec in naturalibus mutationibus, aut in ipsâ rerum creatione ejus rei exemplum aliquod habemus.*" (Cat. Conc. Trid. pars 2, c. iv. 9, 41.)



Dr. Cahill, however, is not content to stop here. He actually goes on to "illustrate" this sacred mystery by a new "explanation" of the Incarnation itself, which is a virtual denial of the very foundation of the Christian faith.

"But you will say that such a fact has never occurred in the new law. This is a mistake: it happened in the Incarnation. When the archangel (a creature) announced to Mary the will of God, who sent him to wait on her, and to tell her that she would bring forth a son, she replied, 'How can it be, as I know not man?' He resumed, 'It will be done by the power and operation of the Holy Ghost.' Here, Sir, is a position which *might be argued* as a clear case of transubstantiation in the very first act of the new law; namely, the blood of Mary, the relative of Adam the criminal, changed into a human body for the second person of the Trinity by the power of the Holy Ghost. Thus, Sir, if the redemption and the perfection of fallen man commenced by an act of transubstantiation in the Incarnation, why not continue the same principle amongst all future men by the power and operation of the same Holy Ghost?"

Does Dr. Cahill mean to allege that the human nature assumed by the eternal Son was not taken from the flesh and blood of Mary, in the same way as every one of us derives his humanity from his own mother? Does he mean that the "blood of Mary" was annihilated, as the substance of the bread and wine is annihilated by the words of the consecration, and that then, by a fresh and isolated act of divine omnipotence, a human body was created for the Incarnation of the eternal Son? If he does mean this, this is equivalent to the old heresy of the Gnostics, Manichees, Apollinarians, and Eutychians, who, while they admitted that our blessed Lord was born of Mary, denied that He took flesh *of* her. But if he does not mean this, what do these rash and random words mean? Is it not mournful to reflect that in these days, when every one's eyes are turned towards the Church and her teaching, the columns of a Protestant newspaper should be filled with declamations on the very foundation of our faith, which, if they have any meaning at all, are a plain denial of the doctrine which every child may read in the Creed of St. Athanasius, that "our Lord Jesus Christ is man *of the substance of His mother*?"

The truth is, that Dr. Cahill is not aware that in flinging his metaphors in his adversary's face, he is playing with edged tools. A metaphor is a most dangerous instrument in sacred subjects, if not used with rare caution and perfect accuracy of idea. Many and many are the false and pernicious impres-

sions which have been conveyed by the medium of "illustrations" and "imagery," which, not being strictly applicable to the subject in hand, have served only to fill the mind with false conceptions, making the entrance of the real truth more difficult than ever. Powerful and beneficial as is the effect of metaphors in theological writing when they are critically correct and applicable, we apprehend that there are few more perilous instruments of delusion when employed by rash or superficial minds. Harmless as they may be when employed uncritically on trifling subjects, and delightful as is the charm they convey when springing from the fount of a deep, clear, and vigorous imagination, we cannot but think that the greatest caution is needful in their use when employed to illustrate those ineffable mysteries, which it is so easy for the human intellect to darken in its attempts to make clear.

Of the letter of Mr. Burns, which has called forth this reply from Dr. Cahill, we know nothing more than is to be gathered from the extracts which the latter has prefixed to his rejoinder. Mr. Burns appears to be a person of the "evangelical" school, who cannot help "preaching" even when writing to a Catholic priest. We dare say his whole production is foolish enough, and as "untheological" as Dr. Cahill considers it to be. But we must say that, as far as Dr. Cahill has enabled us to judge, there appears to be nothing in it which should have provoked such contumely and violence as he has poured forth. On the contrary, there are indications of more modesty of thought than is common among persons of Mr. Burns's school; and which should naturally have called for a simple and kind-hearted explanation of Catholic doctrine, rather than for a storm of contempt. "*I think*," says Mr. Burns, "the soul can no more feed on flesh and blood than on bread." Surely such a statement, so expressed, required something different from a whole broadside of abuse. Here is no evidence of a mind setting itself up against God, and unwilling to believe that all things are possible with Omnipotence. Mr. Burns evidently imagines that the Catholic faith teaches that we feed upon the Body and Blood of our blessed Lord precisely in the same way as we eat natural food, namely, by breaking it into pieces in the mouth, and absorbing it by the process of digestion into the various parts of our bodies. This, indeed, is the common notion of Protestants. To such a difficulty, what answer so appropriate as a few brief words from that almost inspired song in which the Church utters her faith before the altar of her Lord:

"A sumente non concisus,  
Non confractus, non divisus,

Integer accipitur.  
Nulla rei fit scissura,  
Signi tantum fit fractura,  
Quâ nec status nec statura  
Signati minuitur."

What a contrast, indeed, is this divine hymn to the fiery declamation of modern controversy! Its cadences fall upon the ear like a sweet strain of music after the din of battle. Here is the true controversy for every age. Here is that which will win every heart not wilfully closed to the accents of divine love. Here is mystery unveiled, so far as mortal intelligence can unveil it, when guided by the wisdom of grace, and chastened by the restraints of loving humility. To such sources as this we counsel Mr. Burns to address himself for the future, when he would know what doctrine the Catholic Church has really received from her adorable Master, and which she has preserved unsullied from the hour when she first received it from His lips.

Since the above remarks were in type, we have seen further illustrations of the extravagances into which Dr. Cahill is frequently betrayed,—extravagances which have long created not a little uneasiness in the minds of persons who are supposed by Protestants to approve of, or to be justly responsible for, his proceedings. We are induced, therefore, to add a few words to what we have already written, in order to assure our non-Catholic readers that Dr. Cahill alone is responsible for the statements he puts forth, and that there is no foundation whatever for the prevalent Protestant notion that he is to be taken as a chosen champion of the faith; but, on the contrary, that a very large proportion of the Catholic clergy and laity regard much of what he says as pernicious or untrue.

Why, then, it will be said, is Dr. Cahill *allowed* thus to compromise the whole community of which he is a member? Why do the bishops and clergy permit him to write and lecture as he does? Why do not those who disapprove come forward and protest against his being accepted as the model of a Catholic controversialist? We reply, that the common idea that Catholics are like a regiment of soldiers on the field of battle, or a gang of slaves under an overseer, and therefore every one of them always acting in obedience to orders, is a pure figment of the Protestant imagination. Knowing that we *have* a discipline and code of law, that we *do* regard our bishops as the successors of the apostles, and that we profess the utmost unity *in matters of faith*, the world about us jumps to the conclusion, that every bishop is invested with powers



equivalent to the very highest which ultramontane theology ever attributed to the Pope himself. There is a sort of idea more or less universally prevalent in England, that we are a kind of secret society, bound together by unknown oaths and mysterious bonds; every man with his precise duty assigned to him in the warfare with Protestants, and every man ready to do that duty with the most eager and exact obedience when the word is given; the entire band commanded by Cardinal Wiseman, who, from his residence in Golden Square, or from any other spot in France, Germany, or Italy, where he may happen to be travelling, pulls the string and sets his puppets in motion. Any thing, however, more utterly unlike the fact was never swallowed by the *gobemouches* who live on "tales of mystery and wonder." A Catholic bishop is not a Russian autocrat, with uncontrolled power over the actions and property of his spiritual subjects. He administers and enforces the laws of the Church; and beyond these whatever power he has is a species of moral influence, arising from the weight justly due to his sacred office and character. Undoubtedly this influence is sometimes very great, far greater indeed than any similar influence which persons in authority outside the Church can ever exercise. But at the same time, the fact that it is a moral influence, and not a legal right—(by the word *legal*, meaning a right secured by the laws of the Catholic Church)—makes it necessary that it should be employed with great care and prudence, and not pushed too far, lest an unwilling subject recalcitrate hopelessly. Accordingly, as a matter of history, we find that Catholic prelates,—imitating the wisdom of the Holy See, which rarely exercises its *utmost* rights, *rights* though they be,—are often backward in interfering in cases where Protestants expect their instant interference with the strong arm of authority; and if the future is to be like the past, this rule will continue to be observed till the end of all things.

We repeat, then, that the mere fact that Dr. Cahill is a *popular* speaker and writer with a certain class of admirers, is no sort of proof that he is accepted as a champion by any but those who cheer him with their excited applause; and who, of course, have as much right to approve of his style as we have to disapprove of it.

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# NAPOLEON AND SIR HUDSON LOWE.

*History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena; from the Letters and Journals of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hudson Lowe, and Official Documents not before made public.* By William Forsyth, M.A., Author of "Hortensius," and "History of Trial by Jury." In 3 vols. London: Murray.

EVERY body knows that "brevity is the soul of wit," but not every body knows that brevity is the soul of a great many things besides. The author of the three solid volumes before us has written a book on the duties of lawyers; but we fear, if we may judge of his precepts by his practice, that he has not included brevity among the forensic virtues. We should like to know how many clients' causes have been ruined by the long-windedness of their advocates. It was never our fate to be impanelled on a jury, but we can well conceive the involuntary ill-will which must be awakened in that "bulwark of British liberty" by a tedious oration from a pleader who knows not when to stop. In arguing on any cause, it is a rule of the first importance, to avoid *boring* your hearers with too much even of the eloquence of Demosthenes.

It has been the hard fate of Sir Hudson Lowe (or rather of his memory) to have his cause intrusted to a gentleman who has estimated the digestive faculties of the public (literarily speaking) by those of a tough-nerved, hard-headed, Temple lawyer, who would plunge into a huge box of parchments with the same zest with which most people approach a new novel by a popular author. In his own lifetime, Sir Hudson never would say any thing in his own defence, at least to the world. A perverse fate now dooms his memory to the poor chances of exculpation attainable through the medium of three bulky octavos, each numbering about five hundred pages, including not far from two hundred closely-printed documents by way of *pièces justificatives*. As it is, however, the shade of the taciturn Governor of St. Helena has had a narrow escape from something worse. It was at first arranged that Sir Harris Nicholas was to have been the editor of the Lowe papers, and the vindicator of the memory of the aspersed "gaoler" of Napoleon; and Sir Harris intended to vindicate his memory in *eight or nine* bulky volumes! At last Napoleon would have had his revenge indeed!

We are sorry, in true earnest, that Mr. Forsyth has written so big a book. His cause is a good one, for it is not only

interesting, but just. We care little enough for the reputation of George IV. and the ministry who sent the captive emperor to his island prison; and as little do we care for the fame of one who to such astonishing abilities united such extreme littleness of mind as the first Napoleon. Still, historical truth is always welcome; and a man who was the victim of the contemptible Holland-House coterie, and the object of the slanders of such a scoundrel as O'Meara, and such mendacious scribblers as Las Cases, has a right to be fairly heard in his own defence. We pity Sir Hudson, therefore, because his vindication has at length appeared in such an interminably lengthy shape that few will buy it, and of those who buy still fewer will read it. Nor do we see that, as an argument based on satisfactory and ample proofs, the work would have been in the least less complete if it had been compressed into a book one-third of its present size. It abounds with needless repetitions, and refutations of statements in minute detail, which were susceptible of perfect disproof in far more general terms. The whole, too, is not much better than a mere piecing together of letters, notes, memorandums, extracts, and despatches. To call the result a "history," as Mr. Forsyth does in his title, is a misconception; it is a mere lawyer's putting-in of documents before "the court," with just so many remarks as are needful for an estimate of their authenticity and weight.

The actual story is soon told; and the illustrations of the spirit which animated Sir Hudson, his captive, and his companions, are for the most part repetitions of the same thing over and over again. From the first, Napoleon and Sir Hudson fell out. It was the fault of the former, and the misfortune of the latter. Sir Hudson was not to blame; but he was not the man to conciliate such an irritable temper as that of the fallen emperor. He was a man of a strong courageous mind, of unbending will, with a deep sense of responsibility; and we have no doubt, a gentleman in feeling and conduct. Few will rise from these volumes and believe that he ever treated his captive with any thing, strictly speaking, like harshness. But his *manner* was clearly unfortunate. Mr. Forsyth says he had *no* manner; and such a man was the very last to soothe a disposition always vehement, overwhelming, and irritable, and now worked up to the highest sensitiveness by its tremendous fall. Napoleon was essentially a person of a *little* mind; he could not bear adversity with dignity, but clung to the title and observances which he had lost with the childishness of a silly boy, and the tenacity of the most obstinate of men. He insisted upon being called "Emperor;" the British government



absurdly chose to call him "General Bonaparte;" to which he replied, that if he was never an emperor, he never was a general. On this ridiculous point the captive and the governor instantly quarrelled, and they continued the game to the end. No doubt Sir Hudson was justified by the letter of his instructions from the British government to practise this irritating course; but a *wiser* man would have found a hundred ways for fulfilling his duty with less galling coolness and disregard of his captive's weakness.

In the last of their few interviews Napoleon insulted Sir Hudson deliberately, and he early took a strong and unconquerable dislike *to his face*. He confessed afterwards that Sir Hudson's imperturbable coolness and rigid propriety of demeanour had particularly irritated and vexed him; and it is evident that a man of different manners would have soothed the wounded pride and silly sensitiveness of the ex-emperor, without yielding strictly one iota to his assumptions. Nor can we at all enter into Sir Hudson's idea, that the notes of Napoleon's followers were to be incessantly returned to them, because they persisted in giving their chief the obnoxious title. Had Bonaparte been *free*, there would have been some sense in thus refusing every shadow of acknowledgment of the title he still claimed; but when he was a captive, to insist upon his own followers giving it up was as childish and ridiculous as it was totally needless as a measure of state policy.

No little of the endless misunderstandings that took place, and also of Napoleon's sore and violent feelings towards Sir Hudson, must be set down to the character of the French who had accompanied the fallen conqueror to his exile. A more unfortunate selection could not have been made. Unprincipled, lying, and professedly scoffing at religion,—to say nothing of their immense intellectual inferiority to Napoleon,—they spent their days in flattering his foibles, and adding to his irritation against Sir Hudson. General Gourgaud formed the one exception; and after a while he found his position intolerable, and returned to Europe. As to the rest, Las Cases, Montholon, Bertrand, and O'Meara, these volumes convict them of every thing that is false, mean, hypocritical, and unprincipled. Their condemnation is to be found in their own writings. The worst of them all was O'Meara, the English surgeon of the Bellerophon, whom Napoleon had asked to have for his medical attendant. He at length was dismissed in disgrace; and as soon as he was gone, matters a little mended.

Almost as unhappy an issue attended the choice of the

two priests and the Italian physician afterwards sent out to Napoleon on his own request. The priests were harmless, but utterly unfit for dealing with a daring and able unbeliever like the ex-emperor. He really, it seems, *wanted* a man who could meet him at every point in theological controversy. These two, Buonavita and Vignali, he despised. The doctor, Antommarchi, fell in with the Bertrand and Montholon ways, and, like O'Meara, totally mistook his patient's complaint.

The state of things resulting from these peculiarities of character in the captive, his followers, and his "gaoler," as he used to call Sir Hudson Lowe, was petty, disgraceful, and unfortunate in the extreme. Sir Hudson had his faults, it is clear; but we pity him with all our heart in having to deal with such a crew. Did we not know how perfectly compatible is a meanness of spirit with a gigantic strength of mere intellect, we should have thought it incredible that a man who could win Austerlitz and Jena, and put forth the "*Code Napoléon*," could have descended to such utter littlenesses as Napoleon not only gave way to, but deliberately adopted and obstinately carried out in his warfare with the soldier who had the ill-luck to be commissioned to keep him from escaping from his captivity. We do not think we ever met with so striking a proof of the utter moral *smallness* of humanity, when selfishness is its governing principle. One day it is an untrue complaint of bad meat; another it is a pretence that his wardrobe is ill supplied; another it is a device to force some excessive harshness from the governor, as a pretext for appealing to Europe. One notable device of Napoleon's was a sale of much of his plate, under a pretence that Sir Hudson did not give him enough to eat. Then, for months together, the ex-emperor literally will not stir out of doors, in order to make it impossible for the orderly-officer on duty to report to the governor once a day that he had had a sight of the captive. The British Government were terribly afraid that Napoleon would by some means get away, and accordingly one of Sir Hudson's duties was to take care that he was *seen* every four-and-twenty hours. Against this the senseless passion of Napoleon rebelled. Of course it was not pleasant to know that once a day he was to be made the object of surveillance. But any person with the least pretence to greatness of mind would have submitted to the inevitable necessity with a good grace; and no man with the feelings of a gentleman would have put the officer, to whom the unpleasant duty was committed, to the extreme annoyance which Napoleon inflicted upon the unlucky gentlemen who were commissioned to look at him. The devices that this pertinacity made necessary would have



been ludicrous, were it not for the childish folly which necessitated them. At one time the orderly sees Napoleon through a telescope; at another he has to peep through the window-curtain of his bed-room; often and often he is worn to death with incessant walking, in the vain hope of catching a sight of the sulky conqueror, who knew and enjoyed the petty annoyances he was inflicting, not on his "gaoler," but on a man who was simply obeying orders. Then Napoleon won't take the physic the doctor orders him; and we don't know how many hours the said doctor spends in trying to get him to swallow a dose of castor-oil. Such a story, in short, was never told before.

The fatal illness which soon carried off the captive, it cannot be doubted, was to a very great extent hastened by this suicidal obstinacy, in victimising himself in order to frustrate the execution of the governor's orders. When a man, with an hereditary tendency to stomach-disease, chooses never to ride because he can't ride wherever he chooses, remains in-doors for several months together to prevent an unlucky officer from catching a sight of his face, and indulges in hot-baths three or four times a day, who can wonder that a few years ended Napoleon's captivity by death? He would have died *any where* under such a self-imposed regimen.

The silliness of all this systematic recrimination appears, too, in all the more striking light, from its being recorded in perpetual alternation with reports of conversations displaying the same extraordinary intellectual vigour, versatility, and keenness which had characterised Napoleon throughout his life. These alone would have been sufficient to give a considerable value to Mr. Forsyth's work, if they had not been overlaid with such a multiplicity of "Blue-book" literature. Add, too, to the littleness of Napoleon's conduct, the astonishing pertinacity with which it was carried out, and (as we have before said) the picture of the worthlessness of mere intellectual power is complete.

Mr. Forsyth gives us no new information—in fact, he gives none—respecting Napoleon's conduct towards that Almighty God against whom He had sinned, when his death was approaching. All that we gather is, that some time before his illness grew serious, he anticipated a time when he would be glad to have his faith in Christianity revive, and to approach the Sacraments he had so long scorned.

In conclusion, as we have found so little to praise in the literary skill with which Mr. Forsyth has executed his laborious task, let us add that he has appended to it an excellent alphabetical index, and that he appears to have been ani-



mated with the sincerest desire to do justice to all the parties whose conduct he is called to examine.

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THE RELIGIOUS CENSUS OF ENGLAND.

*Census of Great Britain, 1851. Religious Worship in England and Wales. Report and Tables presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of her Majesty. London: printed by G. E. Eyre and W. Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen. 1853.*

It would be difficult to exaggerate the interest of this Report on "the amount of accommodation for worship provided by the various religious bodies in England and Wales, and the extent to which the means thus shown to be available are used." It has obtained, or is obtaining, the extensive circulation and attention which might have been expected; and almost all the organs of the press have made it the subject of leading-articles, and found room for considerable extracts from its pages. Having ourselves obtained the Report on the day of publication, and devoted some attention to its contents, we felt a natural curiosity to see the use which the Protestant press, the great public instructor of England in the nineteenth century, would make of them for the purposes of that grand Catholic debate on which of late years so much print and paper has been so lavishly expended. A fair recognition of any thing creditable to Catholics, any deduction, however obvious or immediate, that would at all tell in their favour, we never expected. That any thing which could be said about them would be said harshly and insolently, spiced with sarcasm, and seasoned with abuse, we knew beforehand; nor did we ever doubt that every opportunity would be taken to exasperate and intensify the No-Popery feeling upon one side, and the just indignation of Catholics upon the other. That in the present circumstances of the country, which render it so desirable that goodwill and concord should prevail as extensively as possible amongst us, when the united forces of the empire may be so soon required for action against a foreign foe,—that under these circumstances the Protestant press should abstain from irritating further the animosity which the religious heats of late years have so unhappily engendered, was too evidently a mere idle hope. But none of these reflections, nor all past experience, had prepared us for what was to come; and

we have no hesitation in recording our opinion, that for senseless, aimless, baseless, useless lying, the articles on this subject in the *Morning Herald* and the *Times*, in the *Britannia* and the *Press*, leave in the shade almost all their previous performances.

We see, by the words already quoted from the first paragraph of the Report, that it professes to give information on two topics only,—the amount of accommodation available, and the extent to which it is used. The following figures from pages clxxxi. clxxxii. and cexcix. present us at one glance with the most important results of the inquiry on these two points :

	Number of Churches.	Number of Sitzings.	Morning Attendance.	Total Attendance.	Proportion per cent of Attendance to Sitzings.	
					Morning.	Total.
Church of England .	14,077	5,317,915	2,541,244	5,292,551	47·8	33·2
Independents . . .	3,244	1,067,760	524,612	1,214,059	49·1	37·9
Particular Baptists .	1,947	582,953	292,656	740,752	50·2	42·4
Wesleyan Original Connexion . . .	6,579	1,447,580	492,714	1,544,528	34·0	35·6
Primitive Methodists	2,871	414,030	100,125	511,195	24·2	41·2
Welsh Calvinistic Methodists . . . .	828	211,951	79,728	264,112	37·6	41·5
Roman Catholics . .	570	186,111	252,783	383,630	135·8	68·7

Of the total number of sittings belonging to all the thirty-nine sects mentioned in the Report, nine-tenths are possessed by the seven denominations here mentioned.

Now what have been the inferences drawn by the Protestant press from these returns? The newspapers alluded to have, in the first place, utterly ignored the real meaning, scope, and object of the Report, and have used the returns for a purpose to which they do not, cannot, and never were intended to apply, viz. as a means of ascertaining the number of Catholics in England; and worthless as the evidence of the returns on this point is, they have deliberately falsified it in order to persuade their readers that the Catholics of England are a contemptible fraction of the nation. The *Times* tells us that of late years one sect has disturbed the country by the extravagance of its pretensions and the exaggeration of its own importance. It sums up the outrages committed by Catholics,—which on inspection we find to consist of the insults and injuries which have been inflicted on ourselves,—and to the inquiry what is the total number of these noisy religionists among the 17,000,000 of our people, answers, with a

note of exclamation, *less than 200,000*. The *Morning Herald*, true to its reputation, and defying rivalry in that peculiar combination of dulness and malignity for which it has been so long notorious, while it asserts and triumphs over the paucity of our numbers, declares further that it does not believe a word of the returns furnished by our clergy; for that, trained as they are by the teaching of St. Alphonsus, their statements must be looked on as no better than so many falsehoods. The *Britannia*, a "family" paper, and weekly organ of the "heavy fathers" of Low-church Toryism, discovers "that the Roman Catholic population in England and Wales does not exceed in numbers 200,000 souls; that out of a population of 18,000,000, the Bishop of Rome has only this paltry and insignificant number of adherents;" and thinks it "really wonderful that with such a mere handful of votaries, the Pope should have succeeded in so long imposing upon the credulity of the nation." But the Derby-Disraelite *Press*, the paper which by its wit and talent was to redeem the credit of the party, and efface the impression left by the short and disastrous reign of its Beresfords, its Malmesburys, and its Staffords,—the *Press*, which has recently urged the nation to rest no longer satisfied with a policy of mere suspicion and dislike towards Papists, and has volunteered to propose measures of active hostility and positive repression,—the *Press* has perceived a danger which had escaped its contemporaries, and has guarded itself against it with its usual skill. For, indeed, was there not a danger lest the Protestant public,—finding that it had been deceived as to the likelihood of the immediate introduction of the Inquisition, the rekindling of Smithfield fires, and the re-establishment of "arbitrary power and wooden shoes" by the vast numbers of Jesuits in England, some of whom are already in the kitchens, sculleries, or pantries of every house; hundreds of whom have gained admission into the Universities, and who already outnumber loyal Protestants in the palace of our gracious Queen (facts for which *vide* the Protestant newspaper-files for the last three years *passim*),—was there not a danger, we say, lest the Protestant public, now disabused on this subject, should be tempted to exclaim, that if there were but 200,000 Papists in all England, there was, after all, no such immediate and inevitable risk? Might it not be feared lest Protestant valour, relying on a majority of 90 to 1, might relax its vigilance; and a fatal indifference to the fiery denunciations of a Stowell, or the ponderous perorations of a Shaftesbury, leave those Christian champions to preach envy, hatred, and all ill-will, to empty benches and deserted platforms? It was a hard dilemma: on



the one hand to omit the repetition of a good strong bouncing lie, and one too which might mortify the Papists; on the other, to run the risk of lowering the market, and diminishing the profits of the retail trade in bigotry and slander. How, then, did the *Press* proceed? It first informed its readers that there were but 200,000 Catholics in all England, and then warned them (on the poet's principle, "my wound is great because it is so small"), that the paucity of the Popish forces should stimulate Protestants to new exertions; for that the danger was increased, and not lessened, by the numerical insignificance of the enemy. And the wretched twaddlers who can gravely put forth trash like this, as their claim to be listened to by the English people, are the men who have volunteered to furnish Parliament with a scheme for the legislative repression of Popery by positive enactments! Who, after this, will not exclaim with John Dryden:

"Defend us, gracious Providence!  
What would these madmen have?  
Insult us first, without pretence,  
Deceive us, without common sense,  
And without power enslave."

We have shown that these returns were not intended to supply information as to the amount of the population; and a moment's reflection will demonstrate that they are incapable of affording it. What argument as to population can be drawn from the number of church-sittings, when the supply of these must depend on the wealth as well as on the wants of different sects; and when, instead of all sects being on an equal footing in this respect, the contrasts between them are as strong as can be imagined? In the case of Catholics, the comparison is pre-eminently absurd. Firstly, they require fewer sittings, owing to the greater number of their morning services, which alone are obligatory upon the people; and secondly, after being oppressed and proscribed for centuries, they had scarcely begun to practise their religion in public, when a vast immigration from the sister-country increased their numbers and responsibilities, whilst it reduced the average of their resources to a degree little above pauperism itself. And under these circumstances, with their few and scanty chapels crowded to suffocation, they are to be compared forsooth with Protestants of the endowed Establishment, with their vast and half-empty churches, the greater part of which would never have existed but for the piety of Catholics!

But we will not leave the excuse open, that the errors of the Protestant press on this subject can be ascribed to mere stupidity or want of reasoning power. The very test invoked

by themselves, viz. the comparative number of church-sittings, convicts them of a huge and deliberate falsehood. For if we were to grant that the whole number of sittings was to the Catholic sittings as the whole population to the Catholic population, the result would be:

Total sittings . . . .	10,212,563	Total population . . . .	17,927,609
Catholic sittings . . . .	186,111	Catholic population . . . .	326,707

So that, to reduce the number of Catholics to 200,000, it was necessary for our public instructors to filch 60 per cent from the amount furnished by their own calculations.

Other comparisons afforded by the returns are those of the attendances of different sects. It will be seen that, by assuming a proportion to exist between attendances and population, the falsehood of our journalists becomes yet more preposterous:

Total Sunday attendance .	10,896,066	Total morning attendance .	4,647,842
Catholic ditto . . . .	383,630	Catholic ditto . . . .	252,783
Total population . . . .	17,927,609	Total population . . . .	17,927,609
Catholic ditto . . . .	631,297	Catholic ditto . . . .	975,324

But though these figures are conclusive against those who contend that it may be proved by the returns in Mr. Mann's Report that the number of Catholics does not exceed 200,000, it must not be imagined that they can be relied on as evidence of our true numbers. In reality, there were not at any one period of the day on Census Sunday more than five million worshippers of *all* denominations; and not the slightest information is afforded as to how many attended more than one service, or as to the proportion in which the many millions who never entered church on that day at all are to be divided among different sects.

The real amount of the Catholic population is a question of much interest, and involved in considerable doubt. We have devoted some pains to the subject, and shall state the result not only of our own investigations, but of the inquiries we have made in quarters the best informed. We are anxious, however, that there should be no misconception as to our view of the real importance or utility of this inquiry. Certainly the points in dispute between ourselves and Protestants are not in the least dependent on our numbers. Our right to the free practice and enjoyment of our religion, and to all the civil privileges of English citizens, would not be the least impaired, were our numbers only half as large as the falsest of our newspaper scribes pretend. But for own instruction, and that none may underrate the urgent and imperious nature of the demands which our situation makes of us, we think it neces-

sary to demonstrate how frightful is the disproportion between our real wants and the supply that we provide for them. Not for self-glorification do we speak on this subject, but for self-abasement and humiliation. Would to God that on a point so vital we could speak with sufficient force and efficacy! Would to God that all ideas of self-satisfaction at what has been achieved might be for ever routed from the minds of all our readers of all classes, by the contemplation of that which remains undone!

The Catholic population at the present moment is, in all probability, between 1,250,000 and 1,500,000. We have been assured by the bishop of one of our most important dioceses, that if the calculation of the Catholic population in his diocese be made according to the approved ratio, from the number of baptisms in Catholic churches, the result is so enormous as to be positively appalling, absolutely incredible. And the only way in which the bishop could reduce the numbers to something more closely approximating to his own estimate of the number of Catholics intrusted to his charge, was by supposing that a number of children were baptised here, whose parents were merely passing through England *en route* for America or the colonies; or, that many Protestant parents must bring their children to the Catholic clergy to be baptised. It appears, from a letter which was published by a Catholic barrister in the *Times* of the 17th of January, that the marriage-returns of the Registrar-general for the year 1851 show an ascertained amount of 763,811 Catholics in England, but that an addition was to be made to this number on account of the Irish immigrants, many thousands of whom arrive annually in England, having been already married in Ireland, and furnish an accession to our population unrepresented by the registrar's return; and further, that to the number so increased, yet another considerable addition must be made of 116 souls for every Catholic marriage which in 1851 was celebrated according to the rites of the Establishment. Writing, as we are, for Catholics who can judge by their own knowledge of the facts, we deem it unnecessary to linger on this point; but it may be worth while to add an independent proof, supplied by the writer of the letter referred to, from the statistical returns of the Catholic Missions published by the Propaganda, in which the Catholics in England in 1842 were already computed to be 1,000,000 strong. Let the emigration from Ireland after the famine be remembered, as well as the increase in Catholic churches since that day; and that the planting of a Catholic church in any locality has the *invariable* effect of bringing to light the existence of a number



of Catholics of whom no account had previously been taken; and our readers will be perfectly satisfied that, by whatever method we proceed, we cannot estimate our present population as less than the given number of 1,250,000 to 1,500,000 souls.

What, then, is the spiritual provision for these multitudes? To how many of them can we, according to our present means, offer the advantages of education for their children, or the opportunity of practising their religion for themselves? It is to be feared that in schools and teachers we are yet more deficient than in priests and churches. In the last respect our exertions of late years have been great and creditable. The report before us shows (p. cxlviii.) that the increase in our church-sittings has been 87·2 per cent during a period in which the increase of Protestant sittings of all denominations unitedly was but 66·8 per cent. So that, in spite of poverty, persecution, and discouragement; in spite of the utter disproportion of our means to those of the state-endowed Establishment, which, in addition to its vast possessions, has been all the time in constant receipt of parliamentary grants made for this special purpose, paid out of the taxes to which we contribute; in spite of the boasted Evangelical and Puseyite revivals, of the religious societies, and of the general taste for church-building,—we have not only kept pace with, but actually outstripped, our Protestant competitors.

Still, this does not blot out, nor even diminish, the terrible significance of the fact that, on the 30th March, 1851, the number of Catholic church-attendances was but 383,630, of which number only 252,783 belong to the morning services. We cannot, for any practical purpose, take the number of individual Catholics who attend church on Sunday to be larger than the number of those who comply with the obligation of the day by hearing Mass. And what is the result? That out of a population of 1,500,000, only one in six hears Mass upon a Sunday. The average number of persons in a family, according to the census of 1851, is less than five; so that if we were to suppose that in no instance had more than two members of one family attended Mass, we should have 175,000 Catholic families, not one member of which had assisted at the adorable Sacrifice. And yet this statement is below the truth! But, grievous and appalling as is such a state of things, at least we are in a position to account for it. We know the cause, and we discern the remedy. Not vice, not indifference, not neglect, not unbelief, keeps these thousands from participation in the Sacred Rite, or deprives them of the Word of God from the mouth of the preacher.

If they perish, they perish because there are none to give them bread. If they abstain from church, they abstain because they have no church to go to, or none that would hold them if they went. From the returns before us, and according to the extract given above, it appears that, whereas the attendance of the six great Protestant sects varies, in its proportion to the number of available sittings, from 24 to 50 per cent, Catholics occupy 135 per cent of their available sittings at their morning services. Whatever be thought of the great and rapid increase in the number of our churches and our clergy (and there has been during the last few years an increase of 28 and 44 per cent respectively), it is quite certain that the number of both may be doubled and tripled before the wants of our existing population can be adequately supplied. These things, however, are in the hands of God. If He has made the harvest great, it is from His grace that we must hope for labourers to reap it. It must be our part, while on the one hand we shrink from no exertions to acquit ourselves of the responsibility imposed upon us, to remember that He is jealous of His glory, and will not share it with another. It would be sad, indeed, if we should ever become puffed up with vain complacency at the increase of our numbers, or ever make the working of Providence upon the nation's heart the subject of a stupid personal triumph in the progress of our own opinions.

We shall have more to say on this subject on a future occasion. At present we would only exhort our readers to look back on what has been achieved, with the hope that God will finish what He has begun; and manfully gird themselves to the task of providing for the appalling spiritual destitution of our poor, cheered by the remembrance that they are in the hands of Him who "had compassion on the multitudes, lest being sent away fasting, they should perish by the road."

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## Short Notices.

### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of John Pye Smith, D.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., late Theological Tutor of the Old College, Homerton.* By John Medway. (Jackson and Walford.) Dr. Smith held for half a century a foremost place among the Independent Protestant Dissenters; and by his writings in the *Eclectic Review* and elsewhere he attracted a good deal of attention from members of other sects. He was

deeply engaged in the Unitarian controversy with Belsham ; in another controversy concerning the extent of the inspiration of Scripture ; and in the very laudable attempt to reconcile modern science with Revelation, —on which subject his book on scriptural geology is at present the most popular in England, and furnishes the groundwork of almost all the minor abstracts on the same question. In spite of his fame, a Catholic will find his theology utterly inconsistent with itself and contemptible ; a result almost necessary, indeed, when a man disregards the accumulated thought of ages, and sets up against it a theory of yesterday, which, if not woven out of his own brain, is simply the opinion of a few individuals as fallible as himself. Some of the results of Dr. Smith's investigations are curious: *e. g.* "The Song of Solomon is a constructive eulogy upon monogamy!" Pp. 70 to 83 of the book are taken up with the Doctor's inaugural address in assuming his functions as tutor at Homerton ; in which, single-handed, he promises to lead his pupils, in the course of four years, through every branch of learning,—classical, scientific, and imaginative ;—it might have furnished Dr. Newman with an amusing illustration of the intellectual bazaar, for his lectures on University education. Some of his private memoranda contain, to our minds, much cant ; as where the denouncer of human merit says of his examination of conscience, "I trust I did impartially and simply put the important queries to my conscience ; and I bless the Lord for the comfortable answers He enabled me to draw" (p. 28). There are several letters ; in one of which he naïvely advises a young minister to make his confession of faith a "happy junction of firm conviction and modest humility," and to "avoid the appearance of seeming to think himself *fixed* and infallible." We suppose that Dr. Smith was about the first Protestant honest enough to recommend wavering in faith as peculiarly beseeching a minister of religion. In the chapter where the virtues of this new "light" are discussed, we are told that his peculiar graces were three,—“a love of enlightened liberty, a love of all valuable knowledge, and eminent scriptural piety.” We presume these are the Homerton substitutes for the theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity.

Mr. M'Corry, of Perth, has recently published three clever pamphlets (Edinburgh, Marsh and Beattie), one of which is of more than ordinary value, and more than temporary interest. *The Jesuit, an historical Sketch of the Rise, Fall, and Restoration of the Society of Jesus*, is hardly all that it promises in its title, so far as the "fall and restoration" are concerned, which it touches on too briefly, though satisfactorily. Of the *rise* of the Society, its principles and its enemies, it gives a lively, pointed, and really masterly *coup d'œil*. It may be unhesitatingly placed in the hands of half-informed Catholics or ill-informed Protestants, who are led away by the vulgar declamations on the wickedness of Jesuits. Any person who keeps a catalogue of good books and pamphlets for distribution will do well to add Mr. M'Corry's *Jesuit* to the list.

Of his other two brochures—*Two Letters to Hugh Barclay, Esq.*, and *The Church of Ireland, her Religion and Learning*,—the latter is a good sermon preached last St. Patrick's day ; and the former a clever and amusing rejoinder to an (apparently) very commonplace and silly "Plea for Christian Union" by the said Mr. Barclay, sheriff-substitute of Perthshire. In one short sentence Mr. M'Corry pithily gives the whole history of heresy: "Sects can only eke out their ephemeral existence by warring against the Catholic Church."

The new edition of Andrews's *Critical and Historical Review of*



*Fox's Book of Martyrs* (London, M. Andrews), which was noticed in our pages as it was coming out in parts, is now completed. The work has been so long well known to the Catholic public, that any lengthened notice of its contents is unnecessary.

*Protestantism essentially a Persecuting Religion*, by another convert from Anglicanism (York, Browne; London, Little), contains some account of the martyred priests and laity who suffered in England from 1577 to 1681, taken from Dr. Challoner's work; one or two curious archiepiscopal documents illustrating the Protestant ideas on the subject of toleration in the days of James I.; several anecdotes of persecution of converts in the present day, for whose accuracy the writer vouches; and a great deal of other matter which does not seem to us very pertinent to the matter in hand.

*The Religion of the Heart; a Manual of Faith and Duty*, by Leigh Hunt (London, John Chapman). The new "Church" of Universalists is divided into two parts: at one end are your contemplative men, your humanitarians, who sicken at the death of a fly, reject the Old Testament as the authorisation of massacre, and the New Testament because it threatens hell; while at the other end are its practical men of business, Mazzini, Kossuth, and Louis Blanc, the guillotine, the infernal machine, and the stiletto. Its literary apostles are all gentleness; its apostles militant wear red caps, and appear behind barricades. The author of this book seems to have discovered that among the namby-pamby members of this "Church" there are persons who have a yearning of mind towards devotional practices, and who run some risk, if they follow their bent, of making shipwreck of their "faith." He therefore assures them that they may stay where they are, and yet have all they want; just as Dr. Pusey allows his Romanising friends to invoke any saint they like, provided they will but stop in his fold.

The principles of the book are identical with those of Mr. Maurice and of his school. "God has written his religion in the heart;" therefore the heart is the sole test of revelation. "Doctrines revolting to the heart are not made to endure, however mixed up they may be with lessons the most divine;" hence all laws or dogmas that savour of severity or cruelty are rejected. "As to punishment after death, little can be imagined of it in a book like this, because the heart revolts from it." The prayers that he furnishes to the praying members of his church are curiosities; they are "rather aspirations than petitions, hoping rather than requesting," because it is not certain that the Spirit of the Universe alters his laws at the request of men; the objective use of prayer is uncertain, its subjective utility is sure. Words of praise are never to be used: to *praise* is to *upraise*; and to upraise God is folly or worse. On his principles, we should have thought that prayer also is mere self-deception. The discourses which follow the liturgy develop the author's eclectic system,—half stoical, half epicurean; the last of them gives a list of the members of his Pantheon of heroes, in which we have our Lord blasphemously classed with Confucius, Socrates, Epictetus, and Marcus Antoninus, after the fashion of the Chapel of Heliogabalus.

The Rev. F. Close has undertaken to prove *from Scripture* that the power of Satan is now restrained to purely spiritual operations, so that he cannot work physical miracles. He is ably answered by an anonymous writer in a pamphlet entitled *Satanic Agency and Table Turning* (London, Bosworth). The *principles* of this writer, are, in the main, ours also; his conclusions are not.

## MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The "People's Edition" of Sir Archibald Alison's *History of Europe from the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons* (Blackwood) will be welcome to a large class of readers, to whom a work in 20 volumes at ten shillings a volume is an unattainable possession. Even at this latter price, and at the original one still higher, this history has passed through eight editions; and we have no doubt that this cheap issue, which will include the whole in 12 volumes at four shillings each, will not be the last. The type is of course small, but it is legible for its size; and the whole is most respectably got up.

Of the merits of Sir Archibald's work it is needless to speak. He is a Tory in politics; he is too much given to interrupt the march of his narrative by disquisitions; and his style lacks variety. Still, it is a book containing an immense amount of information; its author has the true spirit of an historian; his manner is nervous, manly, and earnest; and whatever the effects of his political prepossessions or prejudices, he is free from that odious sham-philosophical *patronising* of all that is best in man's actions, which in writers of Macaulay's school is sometimes mistaken for liberality of mind. Sir Archibald being a Protestant, occasionally utters an opinion which we cannot but regret and condemn; but his Protestantism is not such as to prevent him from heartily admiring the conduct of good Catholics, and from expressing it in the plainest terms. In such passages as the narratives of the first struggles between the French government and the Church, of the execution of Louis XVI., and the war in La Vendée, it is only here and there that he shows that he is a Protestant. Neither does he adopt the offensive cant of the Whig school of historians: when contrasting the effeminacy of modern Italy with the strength of the old Romans and of the present Cisalpine nations, it never occurs to Alison, as it does to many others, to lay it all to the door of the Pope and the Catholic Church. In fact, there are few histories written by Protestants which can with so little hesitation be placed in the hands of the Catholic student. As yet only the first three volumes of the present edition have appeared.

Whilst the name of Dickens is giving circulation to a Child's History of England as inaccurate in fact as it is pernicious in principle, we are glad to see a fifth edition of *Kings of England, a History for Young Children* (London, J. and C. Mozley); whose principles, if they are not Catholic, yet certainly are of a far higher order than those which pervade most Protestant histories. *Landmarks of History: Middle Ages, from the reign of Charlemagne to that of Charles V.*, by the same author and publishers, is far more disfigured by the traditions of Protestantism. It contains also some inaccurate statements of fact: as, that the Manichæan heresy arose in the seventh century; that St. John was cast into boiling oil at the *Lateran* gate, where the church stands in which so many councils have been held, &c. &c. At the same time, the *plan* of the work is admirable, and parts of it are very well executed. The genealogical tables of the sovereigns of each country during that most intricate period are very carefully drawn up, and will be found to contain a useful summary of mediæval history. There is not room for the same faults in the first part of this work—Part I. *From the Earliest Times to the Mahometan Conquest* (J. and C. Mozley),—which is intended to give a general idea of the characteristics and course of the changing empires of classical times, with an especial view



to the better understanding of Scripture history and the growth of the Church. New editions have just appeared of those more scholar-like works of the same class which were edited by the late Rev. T. K. Arnold. The *Handbooks of Geography and History*, by Wilhelm Patz, in three parts, *Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern* (Rivingtons), are truly German. The labour required for such compilations, and the minute accuracy with which they are executed, sufficiently betoken the nation from which they proceed. At the same time, we can scarcely either desire or anticipate for them any very extensive use in our public schools: they are admirable as works of reference, either for a very advanced student or for the use of the schoolmaster; but to learn geography and history from them for the first time would, we think, be intolerable. We can only say of them what Mr. Rose once said of Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, that they are "a careful and laborious conglomeration of facts;" that the author "has actually wedged and driven in one fact after another into his pages till they *bristle* with facts, and the heart and the imagination are alike beaten down and crushed to pieces." Such works are very useful and valuable in their places, but not, in our opinion, good school-books.

If we remember rightly, Father Newman somewhere said in one of his works written before he was a Catholic, that Gibbon was the best ecclesiastical historian of whom Protestant England could boast. Any how his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* is so far an ecclesiastical history, that we are not surprised that "an English Churchman" should have undertaken the labour of preparing a new edition (Bohn's *British Classics*), with carefully-selected notes from the labours of his numerous predecessors. He seems to have brought to his task a very extensive acquaintance with his subject, and to have spared no pains in collecting and sifting materials for the elucidation of all doubtful points and the correction of all errors. With what success he will thread his way through the pitfalls of the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters remains to be proved, the present volume having stopped just short of them. If, however, we may judge from the way in which he has begun his work, we suspect that it will be well continued. We only regret that he should hesitate to exercise a certain discretion as to expurgating some of the original notes of Gibbon himself. There are many which are grossly offensive against decency, without being in any way necessary to explain or illustrate the text; and they should not be allowed to remain in a book which every student of history has occasion to consult. We would also suggest, as a very material improvement in the typography at small cost, that the notes should not run one into another in a continuous line, but that each note should have its own line in the usual manner.

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*The Foreign Tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, by Richard Doyle (Bradbury and Evans), is the funniest and wittiest book we have seen for many a day. The remarkable versatility of fancy and keen eye for the comical which were displayed by Mr. Doyle in *Pips's Diary*, and his other innumerable sketches in *Punch*, are still visible in undiminished vivacity. Here, however, Mr. Doyle proves himself something more than the most amusing of living caricaturists. His farce often rises to the level of genuine comedy. The very characters of the three tourists are pointedly but delicately indicated; and scenes and incidents of travel are introduced into their adventures showing a happy perception of, and a



rare power of rendering, not merely the oddities of the situation, but the genuine spirit of the wandering Englishman in his many phases. The Great Briton—"as he stood contemplating the Rhine-land, wondering if it would be possible to live in that country, and considering (supposing he had one of those castles now) how many thousands a year he could do it with:—the scenery would do; and with English institutions it might be made a good thing of"—is a character worthy of Molière. A page or two further on we have a charming bit of genuine comedy in "the M.P. travelling in search of 'facts,' giving Brown his views, and also the statistics of every thing." Then there is "the English 'Milord' upon the Rhine: how happy he looks! he dislikes the hum of men, and sits all day shut up in his carriage reading the literature of his country," *i. e.* the *Times* and the *Quarterly Review*.

The more farcical scenes are quite as good in their way. We have laughed over them till our sides ached again. There is "the Right of Search" (flea-hunting by candlelight); the railway-station at Cologne, with Jones's portmanteau undergoing the "Ordeal by Touch;" Brown hunted and devoured by mosquitoes at Venice; the same gentleman, who is given to sketching, captured by the Austrians for *taking* the fortifications, and the Austrian detective examining the camp-stool, which he detains as a mysterious-looking and possible infernal machine, with scores besides, are all inimitable. One more, indeed, we must specify,—how "they *do* Cologne Cathedral;" staring, guide-book in hand, at the windows and sculptures, and treading upon the inoffensive German women meekly saying their prayers around them. The sketches are worked up with various degrees of finish. Some are almost outlines, though touched with skill; others are drawn with a degree of care which has given an amount of expressiveness to the countenances of a higher cast than any thing which Mr. Doyle has before done. He clearly has the happy art of elaborating his sketches without loss to their spirit and brilliancy. Altogether, we cannot call to mind anything so good in its way since the days of Hogarth.

A new edition of the *Poetical Works of John Dryden*, vol. i., has just appeared in the annotated edition of the English Poets, edited by Robert Bell (J. W. Parker and Son); and we have to thank the editor not only for the very candid and impartial way in which he has treated the subject of Dryden's conversion to the Catholic faith, but also for the important facts which his diligent researches have now for the first time brought to light with reference to that event. Mr. Macaulay, in his veracious History of England (ii. 199), had said that the poet, "finding that if he continued to call himself a Protestant, his services would be overlooked, declared himself a Papist. The king's parsimony instantly relaxed. Dryden was gratified with a pension of 100*l.* a year, and was employed to defend his new religion both in prose and verse." And further, that "he knew little and cared little about religion;" that "his knowledge both of the Church which he quitted and of the Church which he entered, was of the most superficial kind;" &c. &c. The falsehood of this last statement as to Dryden's religious *knowledge* may be safely left to the dispassionate judgment of all who have read "The Hind and the Panther;" and the verdict of this same self-constituted judge as to Dryden's *caring* nothing about religion will certainly not be acquiesced in by any man of ordinary candour (to say nothing of Christian charity), who has read ever so superficially any collection of the poet's private letters. The first and most important charge, however, it has not hitherto been so easy to disprove. There has always been room for suspicion, in consequence of a supposed connection between Dryden's

conversion and the pension from King James II.; since, as Dr. Johnson so truly and cautiously says, "that conversion will always be suspected that apparently concurs with interest." Mr. Bell, however, has now discovered the original of the exchequer warrants granting this pension, dated May 6, 1684, *i. e.* during the reign of Charles II., and nearly three years before Dryden publicly espoused the doctrines of the Catholic Church. One is not surprised that Protestant writers should have insisted on tracing a connection between the pension and the conversion; and our admiration of Mr. Bell's candour is proportionate, who acknowledges that "the force of the imputation is now very sensibly diminished, if not proved altogether groundless." After all, however, the best proof of the sincerity of a conversion is the subsequent conduct of the convert; and on this head, as Mr. Bell clearly shows, the testimony of Dryden's life is most unequivocal.

*Life in Abyssinia; being Notes collected during Three Years' Residence and Travels in that Country*, by Mansfield Parkyns, 2 vols. 8vo (London, Murray), is a most amusing book, containing, amid the author's personal adventures, a good deal of information concerning a very interesting people. The author is a "fast" man, fond of a little slang, with great powers of animal enjoyment and endurance, who enters with real gusto into the ways of uncivilised life, and lives as a fashionable young Abyssinian, eating raw beef, and wearing nothing on his head but a pat of butter. As is usual with men of this complexion, he is tolerant in his religion; indeed he gives nothing but praise to the Catholic missionaries in those parts, and nothing but blame to the Protestants. He says nothing new on the corruptions of the Christianity of Abyssinia; but those who at present know nothing whatever about this subject will find his book a very pleasant medium of gaining some knowledge of it.

*The Private Letters of Sir James Brooke, K.C.B., Rajah of Sarawak, narrating the Events of his Life from 1838 to the Present Time*, edited by J. C. Templer, Esq., 3 vols. (London, Bentley). In spite of his detractors, Rajah Brooke is a great man; and these letters exhibit him in a very interesting point of view. They record his impressions of things as they occurred at the time; written not for the public eye, but for his mother and his most intimate friends. We are astonished at the versatility of his talents; he has a passion for every thing: for theology (such as it is), for geography, botany, zoology, ethnography, and all branches of natural science; as a governor and lawgiver he has always shown himself at least equal to the occasion; and he threatens to cut any body's throat who says he is not a general. We happened to read these volumes after those of Mr. Parkyns mentioned in the last paragraph, and the contrast between the two men struck us much. Mr. Parkyns went out to an uncivilised state, descended to their barbarism, and left them much as he found them. Brooke went out to a nest of savages, and is in course of converting it into a centre of civilisation for the tribes of Borneo. We have been highly interested in these volumes, and are quite disposed to side with the Rajah in his dispute with the humanitarians, both as to facts and principles.

*Linny Lockwood*, by Catherine Crowe, 2 vols. (Routledge). The strong-minded authoress, Mrs. Crowe, is still a bird of ill-omen, black and croaking, haunting "the night-side of nature." The story is powerful and well-told, but is throughout redolent of villany, debauchery, remorse, and the charnel-house. The purpose of the tale (if it has one) seems to be, as Dr. Pye Smith might have said, to furnish a constructive argument in favour of facilitating divorce.



*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*, edited by Lord John Russell, vol. vi. (London, Longmans; to be completed in eight volumes). This ill-edited book still drags its slow length along, recording the dinners eaten, and the jokes heard or uttered by one of the very smallest men who ever occupied such a space in talking of himself. No man is a better illustration of the chasm that exists between literature and life, and of the fact that the literary whale may be a moral monkey. The present volume contains the Journal during the time when he was writing his *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*; and it appears that while that book was on the stocks, its author attended indifferently (seldom enough, however) the Catholic chapel and the Protestant church; was deliberately bringing up his children in the religion which he was proving to be false; and firmly intended to fight a duel whenever his honour required it. On one occasion the music at Warwick-Street Chapel drew tears from his eyes: "What," he exclaims, "will not music make one feel and believe?" We are sadly afraid that his Catholicity was no more than a matter of music and poetry; and, as far as appears from the private journal of the author, it would not be unjust to say that his *Travels* were written with as pure an intention of gratifying his own vanity, as his *Little's Poems* or his *Lalla Rookh*. The sardonic editor was doubtless glad of this opportunity of letting us know the true value of Thomas Moore's advocacy of our holy religion.

Mr. Bohn's *Illustrated Library* opens the new year with a very pretty and appropriate volume, a *Pictorial Calendar of the Seasons* (price 5s.) edited by that popular writer, Mary Howitt. The plan of the work is to preface the account of each month with a prettily-illustrated almanac, in which *notabilia* of various kinds are recorded in the usual heterogeneous fashion for the benefit of the rising generation. Then follows all that is to be found about each month in Aikin's well-known *Calendar of Nature*, which is afterwards enlarged upon and copiously illustrated by descriptions taken from all our best writers, both in prose and verse, of the various phenomena of country life during each season. This, indeed, is the essential part of the book, and most charming it is. We could have wished that Mrs. Howitt had confined herself to it, and omitted altogether the antiquarian notices taken from Soane, with which the account of each month is concluded. These are very imperfect in themselves, and somewhat out of harmony with the delightful truth and freshness of the other portions of the volume. We must not omit to mention the illustrations, which are numerous and good, chiefly taken from the familiar scenes of country life. Altogether it is a cheap volume of very pleasant reading.

How many "libraries" Mr. Bohn intends to bring out we are puzzled to imagine. It is clear that his various series must pay, or he would not continue them and add to their number. His newest addition is the first volume of *Bohn's British Classics*, containing *Addison's Works*, with Hurd's notes, and with portrait and illustrations; to be completed in four volumes. The type is excellent, and an improvement on that of some of his other series; the paper very fair, the illustrations good, and the binding as usual, *i. e.* good also.

*Passages from the Diary of a late Physician*, by Samuel Warren. (Blackwood and Son.) This is a new edition of those well-known papers which first appeared in Blackwood more than a quarter of a century ago, and since that time have been extensively read both in Europe and America. The author is naturally much gratified at a new edition being



now called for, a circumstance at which we ourselves are a little surprised; for the public taste of the present day is certainly much more subdued and chastened than that of five-and-twenty years ago: so that, riveting as were these narratives when we first read them in Blackwood, and often as we have read them with intense interest since, we observe that those who now read them for the first time are generally disappointed in them, as being over-trained and melodramatic. Genius, however, has an enduring life, independent, in the long-run, of the changes of popular taste; and that these thrilling scenes are sketched by genius of no common order all must at once acknowledge.

*A popular Account of the ancient Egyptians*, by Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, 2 vols. 500 woodcuts (London, Murray), is an invaluable book for those who wish to have an insight into the private life of the ancient Egyptians, and to comprehend all those knicknacks of 4000 years ago which are preserved in our museums. Here the curious reader may find out all about the Egyptian houses, furniture, food, trades, amusements, art, and mode of embalming. There is very little account of their history or religious opinions, which the author thinks would not interest the class for whom the book is intended. It is, in fact, an abridgement of his great work in five volumes, with corrections derived from fresh discoveries.

*Once upon a Time*, by Charles Knight, 3 vols. (London, Murray), is a work intended to do the same for the manners and customs of our forefathers as the last book does for those of the Egyptians; it instructs us how John Bull in past ages wore his gown, kindled his fires, roasted his joints, and so on. It is written in the form of tales; the utilitarianism, however, somewhat outweighing the imagination, and spoiling the amusement. Nevertheless, to those who like this kind of mixture of the *utile* (?) and the *dulce*, the volumes are commendable for holiday reading.

*The Ottoman Empire and its Resources*, with an historical sketch of events during the last twenty years, by F. H. Michelson, Phil. D. (London, Simpkin and Marshall), is the best book we know of for such persons as desire to understand the resources of one of the parties in the present conflict. It consists of 133 pages of compressed narrative, followed by 160 pages of statistics; dry, but brief and authoritative.

*Norway and its Glaciers visited in 1851*, followed by journals of excursions in the high Alps of Dauphiné, Berne, and Savoy, by Professor J. D. Forbes, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. (Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.) Dr. Forbes is a great authority on the influence of glacial action on geological phenomena in the transportation of boulders, the formation of moraines and terraces, &c. Those who take an interest in this question, may consult this work with advantage. As a narrative of travels it is somewhat dry and tedious, as such books by learned professors usually are. It is very expensively got up, and would have been just as valuable if compressed into half the size.

*Pine Forests and Hackmatack Clearings*; or, Travel, life and adventure in the British North American Colonies, by Lieut.-Col. Sleigh, C.M. (London, Bentley.) Readers may well wonder how the two members of this title can be convertible. The secret is as follows: where Quebec and other Canadian towns now stand, were once pine and larch (hackmatack) forests, now cleared away to make room for men; hence the gallant author thinks himself at liberty to record his experiences of Quebec hotels under the name of adventures in the forest. The title

is a mere puff, under false pretences, of an ordinary and rather stupid book of travels.

*Revelations of School Life*, by Cantab., 2 vols. (London, Hope & Co.) We remember a learned F.S.A., M.R.S.L., &c. &c. telling us that the Protestant translation of the Bible was evidently written by illiterate blockheads, who did not know that it was against the rules of writing to italicise the weak words of a sentence; its *ifs*, and *ands*, and *sos*, and the rest. This criticism is fairly applicable to *Cantab*, who seems as ignorant of the meaning of the variations of type, as he is extravagant in the abundance of his use of them. The matter of the book is an attempt to expose the abuses of usher and schoolboy life, in a fiction which we have found tiresome and dull to the last degree.

*The Story of Corfe Castle, and of many who lived there*, by the Right Hon. G. Bankes, M.P. (Murray.) A local memorial, written at the request of a local Society for Mutual Improvement, by a man who is the representative of the chief glory of the place, the Lady Bankes who on two separate occasions so gallantly defended the castle against the parliamentary party in the civil wars. The literary execution is good, and the matter interesting.

*The Marvels of Science, and their Testimony to Holy Writ*, by S. W. Fullom, Esq. (Hurst and Blackett), is a slight catalogue of the chief wonders of the universe, with an explanation of the Mosaic cosmogony after the theory of Dr. Pye Smith; and with very many passages, which are probably considered very fine writing, about woman and other subjects which address themselves to feminine susceptibility.

*Stray Leaves in Shady Places*, by Mrs. Newton Crossland (Routledge & Co.), appear to us to have been culled from the many-coloured Annuals which blossom about Christmas. Whether this be really the case or not, we are not sufficiently acquainted with the publications in question to know; but the stories are certainly of the same character, and about the same degree of literary merit, as the average run of those which appear in the Book of Beauty, and its silken-bound and gilt-edged rivals; that is to say, they are lively and interesting, and written in a clever, pointed style; but their incidents are far-fetched and melo-dramatic, and the characters and conversations sometimes over-coloured. The shorter stories at the end are by far the best in the volume.

Those who are familiar with that beautiful little tale "The Snow-drop," will scarcely need any recommendation of ours to induce them to read another by the same authoress. The very title of *Blind Agnese, or the Little Spouse of the Blessed Sacrament*, by Cecilia Caddell (Dublin, J. Duffy), tells its own tale, which the volume itself does not belie. It is a story breathing a spirit of the most fervent devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament, and calculated to inspire its readers with the same. We scarcely think the story so happy perhaps in its scene and incidents as the Snowdrop (to which, in spirit, it bears the closest resemblance); and we seem to want some little advertisement or preface, or at least some chronological hint in the opening of the tale itself, to warn us that the action belongs to bygone days, not the present. As it is, this only breaks on the reader by degrees, and after his sense of historical truthfulness has been somewhat wounded. On the whole, however, we must give a cordial welcome to this addition to our lending-libraries, prizes for presents for school-children, &c.: we only wish we had more such.

*Winifride Jones, or the very Ignorant Girl* (Clifton Tales and Narratives, No. V. Burns and Lambert), is an extremely interesting little book, of which the leading idea is to show how the true essence of religion lies in *personal love of Jesus*, and, as a natural accompaniment, a love of Mary also; in fact, *Jesus and Mary* might also have been its second title. The various characters in the book are beautifully drawn, and by a delicate, discriminating hand. Beginning at the lowest end of the scale, we have among the Catholic characters, and omitting the Protestant *paterfamilias*,—who is the quintessence of *respectability*, and whose religion (so to call it) is that of respectability,—one who only wants to avoid hell; another, who wishes to keep clear of sin; a third, who wishes to do her duty and clear her conscience; a fourth, who desires to be holy and to love God, and to feel that she loves Him; and then lastly, in contradistinction to all, or rather as summing all up in the simplicity of one idea, is Winifride Jones, the heroine, whose single wish is to *please Jesus*, and to be like Mary, because she knows that will please Him. The author has done well to exemplify the principle which it is desired to inculcate, in a person who owes nothing to mental culture, and has had but a small amount even of religious instruction.

Among the caterers for the innocent literary entertainment of young people, Routledge and Co. of Farringdon Street, hold a deservedly high place; and among their recent publications we can specially recommend *The Romance of Adventure, or true Tales of Enterprise for the Instruction and Amusement of the Young*, and *Voyage and Venture, or Perils by Sea and Land*. The author of the first of these volumes tells us that “it has been his care not merely to use such materials as were true in point of fact, but rigidly to exclude whatever might prove injurious in its influence on the character of the young;” and the same may truly be said of both volumes.

The “old original” tale of Robinson Crusoe has had many imitators; and among the “domestic” Robinson Crusoes, or histories of *families*, not individuals, we know of none at all equal to Capt. Marryat’s *Children of the New Forest* (London, Routledge and Co.) It is a tale of the days of Cromwell and the restoration of King Charles; and its young heroes and heroines are leading a life of solitude, not because they have been wrecked on the shores of some desert island, but by reason of certain social and political causes necessitating their concealment. In addition, therefore, to the ordinary point of interest in such narratives, viz. the watching the inventive genius or the singularly lucky chances which never fail to attend such heroes of fiction, Captain Marryat has secured another fruitful source of adventure in the dangers to which these children of the New Forest are exposed; first, from discovery, or rather recognition by their enemies, then from robbers, &c.; and he has known how to make the most of this advantage. This tale has already reached a fourth edition, and will certainly remain a very popular favourite. We do not like so well *The Little Savage*, by the same author. We see no advantage to be derived from familiarising the young mind with the idea of such a little monster as Master Frank Henneker is at the commencement of the tale. Moreover, his conversion by a “missionary’s wife,” thrown on the same island, entails upon us a great deal of “preaching,” of a very peculiar and to us unpleasant kind. All these volumes of Messrs. Routledge and Co. are very prettily got up, and illustrated with numerous woodcuts by popular artists.

*Boys at Home*, by C. Adams (Routledge and Co.), is a story rather in the Miss-Edgeworth style; inasmuch as its little heroes have an as-



tonishing aptitude for thatching, bricklaying, and other mechanical arts ; their success in which will perhaps, as was often the case with Miss Edgeworth's stories, excite an unavailing emulation ; these things being in fact less easy, we fear, than here represented. The story before us is not written in the piquant way which made "little Frank" and "Rosamond" so delightful even to those who least sympathised with Miss Edgeworth's turn of thought ; but the moral of the book is far better, inasmuch as these little heroes and heroines say their prayers, which we do not remember was the case with "Frank" and "Rosamond."

The very clever little story of *The Conceited Pig* (London, J. and C. Mozley) has found a worthy illustrator in Harrison Weir ; and is now printed, therefore, in good large type, suitable for the many little people who will be delighted with it.

The *Memorials of the Castle of Edinburgh*, by James Grant (Blackwood), redeem the promise of their title, in an agreeable and unpretending way. The history of the Castle of Edinburgh is the history of the Scottish wars. Once deemed impregnable, and commanding the capital of the kingdom, together with a wide and fertile tract of country, this ancient fortress was a position which conflicting armies keenly disputed ; hence its *Memorials* exhibit a series of highly interesting military adventures, in which some of the principal persons in Scottish history performed an important part. To a Catholic reader, the chief feature of interest about the Castle of Edinburgh is associated with St. Margaret ; for its lofty eminence was the scene of her holy departure from a sorrowful world ; and the little chapel where she probably heard Mass the last day of her life stands within its ramparts. Mr. Grant, though not Catholic, is free from prejudice ; his mention of Catholic subjects is always respectful, and evinces little sympathy with John Knox and the Covenanters. He is a loyal Jacobite, and seems to lament the union of Scotland with England ; subjects on which, of course, we are not bound to agree with him, but which he touches with delicacy and a tender regret which even dissentient criticism must respect.

The *Dublin Review*, No. LXX. (Richardson and Son), contains one or two admirable articles, but is somewhat monotonous in its general character as a whole. The first article, on the "Philosophy of the Rule of Faith," is ably argued and gracefully written ; that on the devotional and theological bearings of Religious Ceremonial also, is well worthy of the closest attention. Dr. Döllinger's work on the newly-discovered Philophosumena of Hippolytus forms the subject of another able article. Wycliffe, Modern Deism, the Emigrant Milesian, and Mérimée's Demetrius the Impostor, make up the Number.

Among the cheap periodical literature of the day, besides the *Lamp* (London, Dolman), and *Duffy's Fireside Magazine*—which last by the by has some charming specimens of translation (?) from the French, such as "my *liberatrice* hurried me away ;" "I carry the Eternal *Puisseance* of heaven and earth," meaning the Blessed Sacrament ; "the sinners found a *refrigeration* of their evils," &c.,—there is a new weekly candidate for public favour "the *Family Mirror*," conducted by Elizabeth M. Stuart (price 2d.). It is full of stories, both in prose and verse, of that degree of literary merit which is usual in such publications, but wholly unobjectionable in its tone and principles ; which certainly is *not* usual. Another, the *Illustrated London Magazine* (monthly), edited by R. Brinsley Knowles (Piper, Stephenson, and Spence), has completed its first volume. The opening story is good, and there are some lively papers called "Sketches in Norway." Altogether the publication is not wanting in talent, and is unobjectionable in matter.

*Illustrations of Scripture from Botanical Science*, by David Gorrie, (Edinburgh, Blackwood), is a very pretty little book, from which a good deal of knowledge of botany may be gleaned, but quite mistaken in its general principles. Scripture generally uses the language of sense, not that of science; it appeals to the general knowledge of men, not to the refinements of philosophers. To illustrate its imagery by the language of science is quite impossible. No one will be better able to understand such a phrase as "rooted in faith" after learning that botanists consider the root to be the descending axis of a plant, and that it is furnished with organs called spongioles, which absorb dissolved saline matters from the ground. Such a knowledge is not necessary (as Mr. Gorrie maintains) for the interpretation of the imagery of Scripture, any more than a knowledge of brass-founding is necessary for the composer of music for the trumpet or horn. Indeed, we have not much patience with that superficial Bibliolatry which leads men to think the zoology, or botany, or geography of Scripture to be sacred studies, or parts of theology. These sciences are very pleasant and useful in themselves; but why they should be limited to the things referred to in the Bible, or tacked on to it as if they were parts of sacred hermeneutics, we never yet could discover. We do not find fault with the book on any other ground; apart from the faults of its class, it is very well.

*The Chemistry of Common Life*, by James F. W. Johnston, M.A. Part I. The air we breathe; the water we drink. (Edinburgh, Blackwood), is a useful little description of the chemical ingredients of the atmosphere, and of rain, river, spring, and sea waters. The author traces the adaptations of the atmosphere and the waters to the life of animals and vegetables, in a way that shows he has not the fear of Bacon before his eyes. However, in spite of Bacon, Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, and Cuvier principles of the restoration of skeletons from a few fragments, from a consideration of final causes. So the present author seems inclined to make the requirements of animals and vegetables the test of the natural composition of the atmosphere, as if it had been formed with especial reference to their wants. We perfectly sympathise with this mode of arguing. We wish that the author had enlarged his plan, and given a sketch of the causes of the meteorological changes of the atmosphere, and of the currents of the ocean; which, though no parts of the chemistry of nature, are yet the manipulations of her laboratory.

*Popular British Ornithology*, by P. H. Gosse; second edition, 20 plates, coloured, 10s. 6d. (London, Lovell Reeve), is a very nice book to give to young persons who are interested in natural history. The drawings are spirited and good. In the descriptions we have found none of that mawkish religionism which is continually dragging in quotations from the Psalms whenever the wonder is excited, or of that bitter spirit of Protestantism which characterises the "Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast," by the same author.

We are glad to augur, from the appearance of five simultaneous parts of Mass music in *The Choir* (Burns and Lambert), that this useful publication is commanding the good sale which it deserves. These parts are, on the whole, fully equal to their predecessors, though all the portions of the Masses they contain are not of equal merit. The Glorias are, as usual, the least satisfactory. Not one Gloria out of a dozen, even by the greatest writers, preserves that variety in unity of idea and expression which is essential to the perfect musical utterance of this sublime hymn. Take, for instance, the "Gloria" by Danzi, in Part IV. As a



clever exercise of passages and modulations, it is well enough; but as a whole, it is a series of fragments, with a respectable fugue at the end. The "Kyrie," by the same author, on the other hand, is melodious in phrase, and musician-like in treatment, with less of that tendency to unmeaning and incessant modulation which is the bane of the present German school, and from which not one of the Masses before us is wholly free. Schubert's "Credo," which follows Danzi's "Gloria," is a mediocre affair, and not worthy of a place in *The Choir*. Of the entire list of pieces now before us, we think the best are the "Credo," "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus Dei," of Drobisch, which are excellent; and the "Mass" by Sechter, a very pleasing and acceptable composition. Much of the "Mass" by Schneider is also well worth the attention of every choir. Klein's "Mass" is unequal: the "Kyrie" lacks melody and breadth; the "Gloria" is one of the best in the collection; the "Credo" is laboured; the remainder has more meaning and character, and that of a pleasing and expressive kind. A considerable portion of the whole are arranged by Mr. Richardson of Liverpool, with his accustomed skill; and the hints which he has given for the use of the organ-stops will be welcome to many players. His own "Vidi aquam," which appears in Part IV., is a capital little composition, and totally free from the vice of excessive modulation.

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#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*F. X. Patritii, S. J., Doctoris Decurialis Coll. Rom. &c., De Evangelii libri tres.* Friburgi Brisgovie; Libraria Herderiana. These two bulky quartos, containing about 600 pages a-piece, are worthy of the ancient literary fame of the Society of Jesus; but it tells a sad tale as to the present condition of the Eternal City, that a professor in the Roman college should be obliged to seek a publisher for such a work in a foreign land. The learned author needs no introduction to any ecclesiastical student, but the volumes before us are of a far higher class than those by which he has been hitherto known; and although they will not, of course, be so widely read as his work *De Interpretatione Scripturarum Sacrarum*, yet the study of them must henceforward be considered essential for all those who wish really to make themselves masters of the important subject of which they treat. The whole work is divided into three books. The first is introductory, and discusses several most interesting historical and chronological questions concerning the four Gospels; as, for instance, by whom they were written, when, and in what language, &c. &c.; questions which are solved, not by any display of originality in the invention of some new and startling hypothesis, but by the most solid learning, following the universal traditions of the Church, and receiving with the utmost respect the *dicta* of the early Fathers. Having thus disposed of all introductory matter, our author proceeds in the second book to arrange in parallel columns, and with most admirable clearness, his *harmony* of the Gospels, that is, his idea of the order in which the events of the Gospel narrative severally occurred; placing before the reader, at a mere glance, every variation of detail that can be detected in the four narratives, and justifying by sufficient notes his own method of harmonising them whenever he sees occasion to differ from that which is most generally followed.



Then the third and last book, occupying the whole of the second volume, is entirely exegetic, and, besides a complete exposition of the Gospel history from the beginning to the end, contains upwards of fifty valuable dissertations on questions of chronology, geography, profane history, philology, &c. &c. It is impossible in a short notice to enter on any detailed examination of a work of this kind; the mere enumeration of its contents, however, will be interesting to many of our readers.

A volume entitled *Les Matinées de le Gravière*, being an "Exposition de la Doctrine Catholique à l'usage des jeunes personnes," by M. Alphonse de Milly, has been published by MM. Perisse. A former work by this author, entitled "Reveu analytique et critique des Romains Contemporains," received the very high honour of a letter of approbation from our Holy Father himself; a letter full of paternal affection, and offering itself as a kind of guarantee for the merit of future publications by the same hand. The volume before us has received the sanction of the Bishops of Bayeux and Autun, expressed in the warmest terms; it is much approved, also, by the superior of one of the most distinguished communities of religious women in France. It is written in an easy and familiar style for the benefit of young people, for whom it is intended; being, in fact, dedicated to the author's own daughters. Those engaged in the work of teaching the young may find many useful hints in these pages.

M. L'Abbé Eymat, Priest of the diocese of Bourdeaux, has just published the first volume of a work entitled *Evangile médité et expliqué chaque jour de l'année d'après les écrits des Pères de l'Eglise et des auteurs ascétiques les plus recommandables* (Paris, Perisse), dedicated to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Bourdeaux, and approved by the Bishop of Beauvais. It contains meditations for the Gospels of the Sundays of Advent, Christmas, and Epiphany. The plan of the work is, that the gospel of the Sunday shall provide the material for each day of the week; and the meditation is followed by an "application," extracted from the writings of one of the Fathers or of some well-reputed ascetic author, such as F. d'Avila, Father Stapleton, Thomas à Kempis, &c. Moreover, care is taken to give, not merely the very words of the writer, but the place in his works where the passage may be found. A prayer, summary, and resolution, terminate each meditation, according to the approved form of such works.

*Vie de Sainte Colette, Réformatrice des trois Ordres de Sainte François, en particulier des pauvres Filles de Sainte Claire*, par le R. P. Sellier, de la Compagnie de Jésus (Paris, Perisse; price 3 francs), will be an acceptable volume to those of our readers who take an interest in the community of Poor Clares lately established in our own country.

An association of booksellers in Paris, among whose names we find those of Messrs. Gaume and of M. Le Clerc, publisher of the Archbishop of Paris, has recently published three editions of the Roman Breviary, in 4 vols., 12mo, and 18mo, at prices ranging from 12 to 20 francs; and has a fourth edition in the press, in 1 vol. Three Missals have also issued from the same quarter; and a very handsome one in large folio is about to follow. These various editions speak well for the demand, and may be taken as a very significant "sign of the times."

# The Rambler.

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## PART III.

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### To Correspondents.

T. Acknowledged with many thanks. As to the second point on which he animadverts, we would beg to call his attention to the *Prælectiones Theologicae* of Perrone, S. J.; Tract. de Euch. c. 2, de Transubs. § 133; and *ibid.* § 149. "Nos cum Vasquezio, Veronio, aliisque diximus," &c.

A valuable letter from the Very Rev. Canon Oakeley, on Choirs and Choral Schools, reached us on the 17th inst., and shall appear in our next. We must beg to remind our correspondents that it is absolutely necessary that they should forward their communications as early as possible in the month. As a general rule, it is impossible that any letter received after the middle of the month should be inserted in the following Number, more especially if it be long. We would also impress upon them the necessity of being as *concise* as they can.

We are not able to insert Mr. SMITH's letter, of which we made mention here in our last Number. The only fact in it which requires notice is, that the *Catholic Directory* was right in placing Father Charles Cooke, S.J., in the list of clergy, and ourselves wrong in stating that he was still a theological student at St. Beuno's.

We take this opportunity of announcing that for the future we cannot admit the letters of authors commenting on the reviews we may have given of their works, excepting only in those cases where it can be shown that we have misstated facts, distorted arguments, or imputed false motives. This is the ordinary rule of all well-established periodicals; and the press of matter upon our columns obliges us to enforce it with strictness.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT; but communications intended for the Editor himself should be addressed to the care of Mr. MAHER, 101 New Street, Birmingham.